

The New
**Friendly
Village**



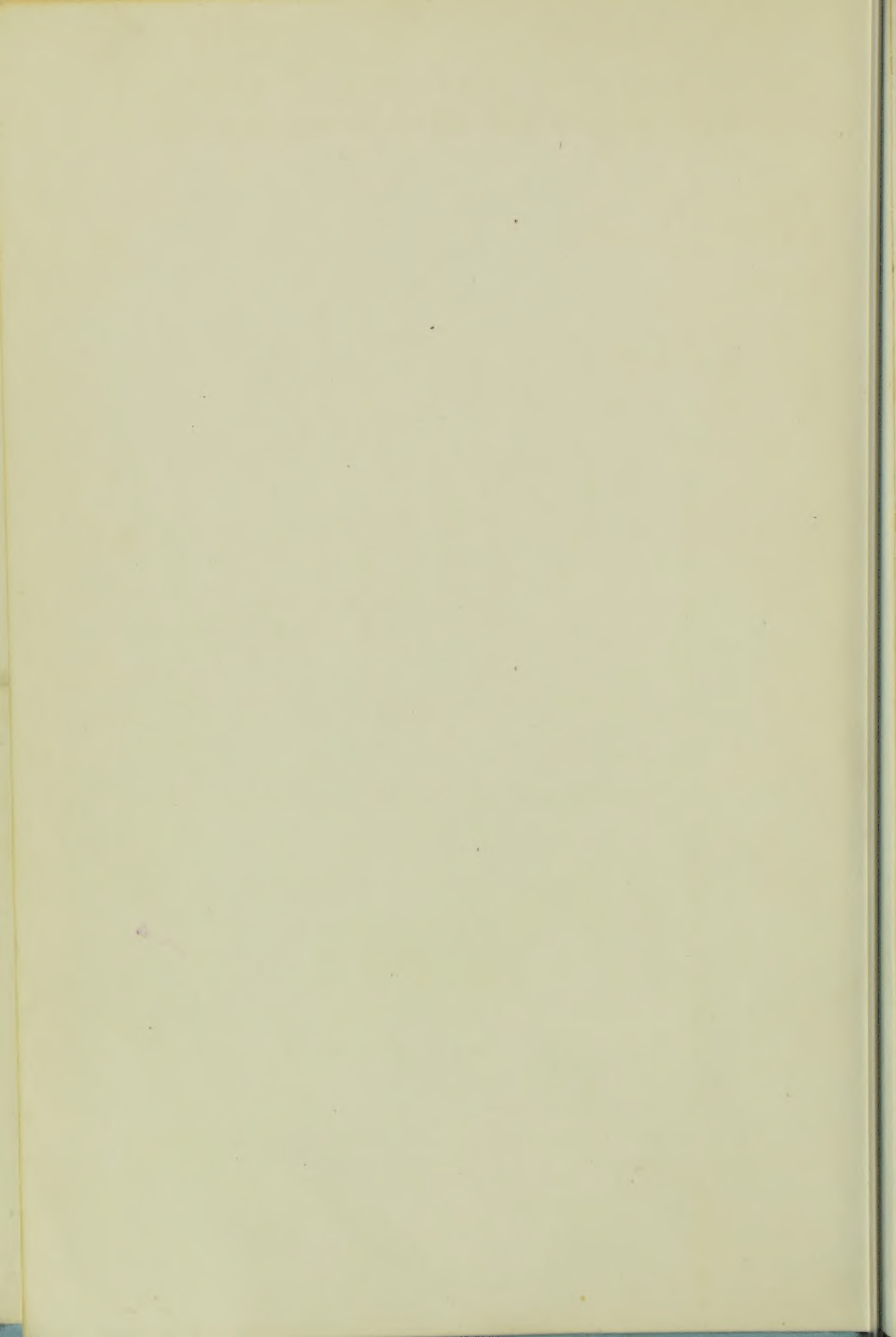
THE ALICE AND JERRY BOOKS

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THE ALICE AND JERRY BASIC READERS
READING FOUNDATION PROGRAM

The New
**Friendly
Village**

by MABEL O'DONNELL

illustrators

FLORENCE AND MARGARET HOOPES



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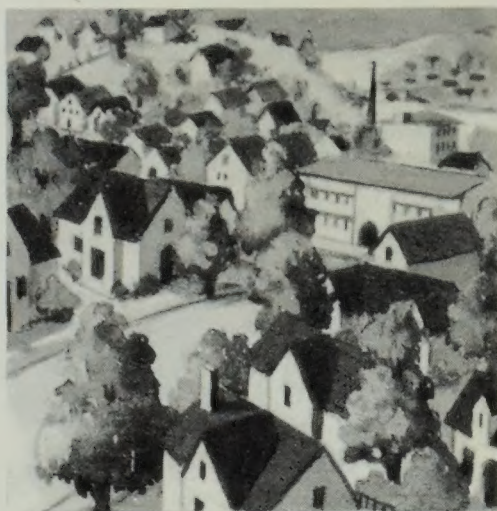
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FRIENDLY VILLAGE



All on a Summer's Day

I know a village where you will like to live. I want to live there, too.

The roads run uphill and downhill. All the trees are big and beautiful. When the sky is blue, it is very, very blue. The houses have a friendly look, and flowers grow in every garden.



A beautiful river runs through this village, and boats go up and down.

Some of the houses are on one side of the river. Some of the houses are on the other side of the river.

The people who live on one side of the river go over to see the people who live on the other side. Everyone is as friendly as friendly can be.

Alice and Jerry live in Friendly Village, and you know them. You know Mr. Carl, too. He likes birds, and he lives next door to Alice and Jerry.

Paddy lives not far away, and so do the twins, Bobby and Billy.

Once Jack lived in Friendly Village, too. Now he lives in a new home on a big farm. But he comes back again and again to see Alice and Jerry.

Now it is summer. Paddy, Bobby, Billy, Jack, and Mr. Carl are all going away. Alice and Jerry have to stay at home. But they will have some gay good times even if they do stay at home.

A House to Clean

This was Mother's big day. She had all the house to clean in one morning. So Mrs. Long had come over to help her.

For days it had rained and rained. There were puddles all over Friendly Village. But now the sun was shining. It was just the day to open doors and windows and make the house as shining as the day.

That is why Mother called Alice and Jerry early. That is why she got them out of bed before they wanted to get up. Then they had to eat breakfast fast and not say a word.

Before they were even through eating, Mother had the back door open.





“Run on, now! Keep clean, and be as good as you can,” said Mother.

Alice and Jerry ran around to the front of the house. Just then Jip came flying in at the front gate.

“Bow-wow! Bow-wow!” said Jip.

He had run into every puddle in Friendly Village. Some of every puddle was on Jip as he came up the walk.

“Catch him, Jerry!” cried Alice.

But Jerry was no good at catching dogs.

Jip liked Alice very much. So he started to climb all over her to show how much he liked her. Then some of every puddle was on Alice, too.

“Now look at you!” said Jerry.

“Can I help it?” cried Alice. “Keep away from the window. If we play here, someone will look out and say DON’T.”





A Ride for Penny

Alice and Jerry
went down the walk.
They got as far as
Mrs. Bell's house

when the front door opened. Mrs. Bell
came out with Penny in her stroller.

Alice thought Penny was a lovely
baby, but Jerry did not like her at all.

You could not get Alice to do a thing
when Penny was around. All she did
was say, "Goo-goo," and silly things
like that. As soon as she saw Penny
in the stroller, she started right in.

"Don't be a silly-billy!" cried Jerry.

"Alice! Jerry! Come here!" called Mrs.
Bell. "My, but I am happy to see you."

Mrs. Bell was like Mother. She had
six days' work to do in one.

Mrs. Bell did wish that Alice and Jerry could give the baby a ride. Maybe she could find some pennies for them when the morning was over.

Jerry thought the pennies were all right, but not the ride. But you had to do one to get the other.

Before long the warm sun and the ride put Penny to sleep. She went to sleep not far from a lovely old tree. That tree was just right for climbing.

Now Alice and Jerry could have **SOME** fun. They could climb the tree and stay until Penny's nap was over.

Right where the tree was, the sidewalk went downhill just a little. But Jerry knew what to do about that. He looked around until he saw a broken branch.

"Just the thing!" he said to Alice.

Jerry put the branch under the two front wheels of the stroller.

“To keep you from coasting!” he said.

Then up the tree he went with Alice. What fun it was to climb! How green the leaves were, and how blue the sky!

Just about that time Jip came around to see what was going on.

Jip did not see Alice and Jerry, but he did see the branch under the wheels.

Away went Jip and the branch! Away downhill went the stroller!

Alice and Jerry came down that tree so fast! It looked as if they fell down.

By the time they got to Penny, the stroller had bumped into a tree. Over it went, and over went the baby.

Oh, how Penny cried! Everyone in town could hear her.



There was a bump as big as a little apple over Penny's eye.

"Look at her eye! Look!" cried Jerry.

By this time Mrs. Bell was coming down the walk. She took Penny, but not the stroller, and flew into the house.

"Never again!" she said. "NEVER!"

Alice and Jerry put the stroller by the front door. They did not stay to find out about the pennies. Oh, my, NO!



A Roof to Mend

Now all Alice and Jerry did was to walk. By and by Alice said, "I never wanted to climb that old tree. You did!"

"Climbing the tree was all right!" cried Jerry. "It was your old dog!"

By this time they were at the back of Mr. Day's house. There was Mr. Day mending the roof of his garage.

The garage was far away from the house at the back of the garden. Just as they got there, Mr. Day stopped work.

"Hello! How are you?" called Mr. Day. "I have worked so long, I have to have another breakfast. The man who was to help me did not show up."

Then he went into the house.

There was the ladder. There was the roof. There were the shingles. And there were a boy and a girl who wanted something to do.

"Come on!" called Jerry.

"NO!" said Alice. "DON'T DO IT!"

"Why not? He wants help," said Jerry.

"You are right! He said so!" cried Alice, and up the ladder she went.

Mr. Day had a good breakfast. He stayed in the house a long, long time. So he did not hear Alice and Jerry as they put shingles on his roof.

"Put them on to stay," said Jerry. "Show him that we can do good work."

"My shingles will never come off," said Alice.



By and by the back door opened.

Now, there was one thing Mr. Day knew how to do. He knew how to get cross. As soon as he saw Alice and Jerry, he gave one big shout.

“Upon my word! Get down off that roof! When I get my hands on you! When I do!”

But by the time he got to the garage, Alice and Jerry were off and away.





Treasure in a Hole

“You started all this! You did, too!” shouted Alice, as they ran back home.

“How you talk!” cried Jerry. “Come with me and stay away from people.”

So away they ran to the house next door where no one lived. Not far from the house was a big old barn.

Just as Alice and Jerry ran around the barn, they saw something. A HOLE! Someone had started to dig a hole.



“Who did it?”
cried Jerry.

“Why did he do
it?” cried Alice.

“I know what it
is,” shouted Jerry.

“Treasure! He started to dig for treasure!”

“What is that?” asked Alice.

“Money! In a big box!” cried Jerry.

“I heard all about it in a show.”

“Dig, Jerry, dig!” shouted Alice.

Jerry had a shovel, but all Alice had
was her hands. She did not like to dig
with her hands. But when there is
treasure in a hole, you dig.

Just then Jip came around to help. He
could dig with his back legs. He could
dig with his front legs. Jip could make
things fly.

Down, down went the hole. For a long time it looked as if there was nothing in that hole but worms. Long worms, fat worms! Big red and brown worms!



“Don’t talk about them!” cried Jerry. “Just dig!”

Now the hole was so big that Alice and Jerry could not see over the top.

All at once Jerry heard something.

“Look out!” he cried, and the shovel fell from his hands.

Someone was at the top of that hole, looking down at them. Who was it?

Jerry was afraid to look up. Alice was, too. She rolled her eyes around, but that did no good.



“Well, now!” laughed someone. “How did this happen? I was wishing for some more help. Now I have a boy, a girl, and a dog doing my work for me.”

It was Mr. Andrews, who had a store on River Street. Alice and Jerry always liked to go to that store for Mother.

"Is this your hole?" asked Jerry. "We wanted to dig for treasure."

"Treasure!" said Mr. Andrews. "Is there treasure in my hole?"

"No!" said Alice. "Just worms!"

"Well, now," said Mr. Andrews. "I was going to put truck into this hole. Truck from this old barn! But maybe there is treasure. Give me the shovel!"

Mr. Andrews jumped down into the hole, and then what happened?

Alice looked down and saw nothing. Mr. Andrews looked down, and there was a new dime shining right up at him. He looked again. There was one more dime for Jerry.

“Do you know what I heard?” said Mr. Andrews. “I heard that there are never more than two treasures in one hole.”

So Alice and Jerry stopped looking and helped Mr. Andrews.

When the morning was over, the truck was all out of the barn and in the hole.

It was not until then that Jerry thought of something. “Why is this your hole? You don’t live here, Mr. Andrews.”

“I will tomorrow!” laughed Mr. Andrews. “Dolly will live here, too!”

“Dolly! Who is Dolly?” asked Alice.

“Is she your wife?” asked Jerry.

“Is she your little girl?” asked Alice.

“NO!” laughed Mr. Andrews. “Maybe you will find out tomorrow. Maybe!”

Then he went to his store on River Street, and Alice and Jerry went home.

Who Is Dolly?

At home there was something good to eat all ready for Alice and Jerry.



All the time Alice was eating, she went on saying, "Dolly! Dolly! Who is Dolly?"

"Don't be silly," said Mother. "What in the world are you talking about?"

Then, little by little, Alice and Jerry talked things over with Mother.

"Oh, dear me! Dear me!" she said. "I thought I asked you to be good."

"Be as good as you can! That is what you said," cried Jerry. "And we were!"

When Alice was all cleaned up, she walked down to see Penny. Just as she was ready to turn in at the gate, she was a little afraid. But she went.

Penny was delighted to see Alice. The bump was blue, but not so big now.

By and by Alice looked at Mrs. Bell.

“Really, I am not always bad,” she said. “I just have days.”

“So that is how it is,” smiled Mrs. Bell. “And this is one of your days.”

“Maybe Penny will be that way when she grows up,” Alice went on.

“Maybe she will,” laughed Mrs. Bell.

Then she went to the store to get some milk. Alice stayed with Penny. Not one bad thing happened! Not one!





Jerry walked down to Mr. Day's garage. Just as he got there, some shingles fell from the roof.

"I will get them!" shouted Jerry.

So he took the shingles up to Mr. Day. Then he sat on the ladder and talked. Mr. Day did not care at all.

"You are quite a boy, Jerry. Quite a boy!" he said, when work was over for the day. "Come up here now. I am going to show you the way to put on one shingle and put it on RIGHT."

The next day Alice got Mother out of bed long before she wanted to get up.

Jerry had the back door open before breakfast was more than started.

“Good-by, Mother!” they called. “We just have to find out about Dolly.”

They ran as far as the front gate. Then they looked up the road.

Who was that coming down the street?
A man and a horse and wagon!

“Is it?” shouted Jerry to Alice.

“It is!” Alice shouted back.

One jump and a run, and they were up on the seat of the old gray wagon.

“How do you like her? How do you like Dolly?” asked Mr. Andrews.

Now you know why he said that. Dolly was not his wife. She was not his little girl. Dolly was his old white horse.

Fun with Old Dolly

Oh, what fun Alice and Jerry had in the days that followed!

Every morning they were over at Mr. Andrews' house. They always had some good surprise for Dolly.

"So that is where my apples go!" laughed Mother. But she did not care. She liked Old Dolly, too.

Dolly's white coat was gray in spots, and she was blind in one eye.

"What if she is blind in one eye," said Jerry. "She is the wisest horse in the world. She knows every word I say."

When Jerry said that, Dolly's ears went up. She looked at him in a sleepy, friendly way.



In the early morning Mr. Andrews took milk around to some of the houses. He was the village milkman, you see. That is why he had a horse and wagon.

When he was through being a milkman, he went to his store on River Street.

From that time on, Dolly had nothing to do. So she liked to sleep under the big tree by the garden gate.

Alice and Jerry liked to climb up on the garden gate and then onto Dolly's back. Dolly had a very good back to sit on. She had a very good back to ride on.

Dolly did not care what they did. She liked them as much as they liked her.

Every morning she walked as far as the shoe shop with Alice and Jerry on her back. When she came to the shoe shop, she turned around.



But, of course, one ride was never enough for Alice.

“Good Old Dolly! Just once more!” she would say, over and over again.

Then Dolly’s ears went up. She heard what Alice said. Sometimes she gave her a ride. Sometimes she just stopped.



The Circus Comes to Town

One morning Mr. Andrews walked out to his old red barn.

“Upon my word! Where did this come from?” he asked in surprise.

Then he put his hands into his pockets and looked up at a big circus picture. It was so big that it took up all one side of his barn.

The picture showed the circus wagons and all the circus people. It showed some of the circus animals, too.

At the top in big letters, it said,

OLD-TIME CIRCUS

BEST SHOW IN THE WORLD

As Mr. Andrews was looking at the picture, Alice and Jerry came up.

"Here is something to make you happy," he called. "The circus is coming to town. See this big circus picture."

But Alice and Jerry were not happy. They would not look at the picture.

Just two days before, Father had said, "Here is your spending money, Jerry. Here is your spending money, Alice. Do not forget! The circus is coming to town. Put your money away if you want to go."

Of course, Jerry did not want to forget. But the next day he saw a basketball in a store window. It was just the ball he had wanted for a long, long time. It took all his money to get the ball.

Alice wanted to go to the circus. But she liked ice-cream. She got some one day and some more the next. Then there was not a penny in her pocket.

Now circus day was here, and Alice and Jerry had no money.

Of course, Mr. Andrews had to hear all about it. He did his best to make them feel better and forget the circus.

“Come, now,” he said. “You had better stay here with Dolly. She must have a new shoe, and she is not a circus—”

Before Mr. Andrews could say another word, Jerry danced up and down.





“We can go with Dolly to get her shoe. Please say yes! Please!” said Jerry.

Mr. Andrews really did not have time to go to the blacksmith shop. He had to be in his store on River Street.

“What will your mother say? How will she feel about that?” he asked.

“Mother will not care. We ride Old Dolly every day. We know how to hold on!” said Jerry.

The Circus Parade

Now, there were two ways to go to the blacksmith shop. One way went down a side street and took no time at all. The other way was long and went right down River Street.

Of course, Alice and Jerry took the long way, and you know why.

Dolly walked on with Alice and Jerry on her back. Just as she came to the church where Alice and Jerry went on Sunday, she stopped.

Dolly had heard something. It was music! Music coming from far down the street! Dolly had not heard an old tune like that for years and years and years.

When Dolly stopped, her head went up. Her ears went up, too. She did not look like an old horse now.

Alice and Jerry heard the music, too. They knew at once what it was. It was the circus parade.

Before they knew what Dolly was doing, she started to trot. Oh, how fast she went right down River Street!

“She is running away! She is running away!” cried Alice.

But Dolly was not running away. She was not a runaway horse. She knew just where she wanted to go. There was circus music coming from somewhere, and she was going to find it. That is why she was going at a good fast trot.

“Hold on, Alice! Hold on! Hold on!” cried Jerry again and again and again.





In back of them were some clowns, as funny as funny could be.

Now Dolly did not trot. Oh, my, no! Head up, ears up, she walked right in time with the music. She had been in a parade before. Everyone could see that.

“She is Mr. Andrews’ milk horse. She is blind in one eye. What is she doing in a circus parade?” everyone shouted.

Dolly did not care if people laughed at her. She just walked in time with the music. She was in the circus parade, and there she was going to stay.

All Alice and Jerry could do was sit on her back and stay in the parade, too.

Up River Street and down again they went, right by all the stores. Of course they went by Mr. Andrews' store. Of course Mr. Andrews was in the doorway. Oh, how surprised he was!

What was this he saw? Dolly in the circus parade? How did she get there? Where was she going?

But Mr. Andrews could not stop the parade to get Dolly out. How could he?

So the parade went on down the street and out of town. There, just outside of town, were all the circus tents.

Old Circus Horse

Into the long horse-tent walked Dolly. Alice and Jerry climbed down from



her back. But no one could stop to look at them. Everyone looked at Dolly.

“An old circus horse! That is what she is! Did you see the way she walked right in time with the music?” said one of the circus clowns. “She could pull a circus wagon, even if she is old.”

“When I started to work for the circus, we had a horse like that,” said another man. “She is a circus horse, all right.”

“She is not a circus horse,” cried Jerry. “She is Dolly. She is Mr. Andrews’ horse, and she pulls the milk wagon for him at five o’clock in the morning.”

“Well, well!” said one of the circus clowns. “Here are the boy and girl who were on Old Dolly’s back.”

“They must have two good tickets for the show,” said another clown.

Oh, how surprised and delighted Alice and Jerry were!

Just then Mr. Andrews came into the tent, looking for Dolly.

“Look, Mr. Andrews, look!” shouted Alice and Jerry. “We are going to the circus! See! We have two good tickets!”

It looked as if all the people in town were in the big circus tent that afternoon. And right down on the front seats sat Alice and Jerry.

Many, many things went on in the big tent that afternoon, and Alice and Jerry saw just about everything.



When the circus was almost over, all the animals walked around the tent in a long parade. Then Alice pulled at Jerry.

“Look!” she cried. “There is Dolly!”

Yes, it was Dolly. Her white coat looked beautiful, and she had four new shoes. On her back was a beautiful lady.

Dolly Joins the Circus

That night Dolly joined the circus. When the circus went away, Dolly went, too.

“We will never feel right if we know that a circus horse is pulling a milk wagon,” said one of the circus people. “We will take good care of Dolly.”

With the money the circus gave him for Dolly, Mr. Andrews got an old car to carry the milk around to the houses.

Many times when he got up at four o'clock on cold mornings, the car would not go. Sometimes he ran out of gas. Then he thought of Dolly. He almost wished she had not joined the circus.

“When the circus comes next year, Dolly will come back, too,” said Alice.

And do you know? When the circus came the next year, there was Old Dolly.



A FEELING
in YOUR BONES

Seven O'Clock in the Morning



One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! It was just seven o'clock in the morning as Jerry jumped out of bed.

It took no time at all to get on his shoes and his old blue overalls. He smiled to himself, and he looked as if he were all ready for a good day's fun.

"Oh, Mother," he called. "I am so happy, and I don't know why. Something exciting is going to happen. I can feel it in my bones."





Father liked to say that he could feel things in his bones. So Jerry liked to say it, too.

Breakfast was ready in just a minute.

“Well, you never really know,” laughed Mother, as she put the milk away. “Some days are like that. But if something exciting is going to happen, it will happen to you alone. I have so much work to do this morning, and Alice is going to help me.”

When you have a feeling in your bones, it never takes you long to eat your breakfast. In not more than two minutes Jerry was at the back door.

And then—believe it or not—something exciting did happen.

Down the road at a good fast trot came a white goat. He turned right into Mr. Andrews' garden and started to eat the sunflowers that grew by the side of the old red barn.

Jerry looked once. Then he looked again. He could not believe his eyes.

A goat in Mr. Andrews' garden! Mr. Andrews did not have a goat. No one in the village had a goat.



Where in the world had that goat come from? What right had he in the garden?

“Get out! Get out, I tell you!” shouted Jerry, as he ran down the walk.

Now, I suppose the goat wanted to get out when he heard Jerry shout.

There was just one way out of that garden. That way was through the garden gate. Jerry was coming in at the gate right at that very minute.

How could the goat get out? He could not. So he took one more sunflower and started to go somewhere. He really did not care where.

Around the barn went the goat. Around the barn, almost on top of him, went Jerry.





I suppose Jerry had his eye on the goat. That is why he did not see the shovel outside the barn door.

Of course, Jerry's shoe had to catch on that shovel. Down he went, but not for long. He jumped up and started after the goat faster than before.

He went around the barn one way. He went around the barn the other.

But look all he would, Jerry could not find that goat.

This was a surprise. There had been a goat here. Of course there had been! He ran home to tell Mother.

“Don’t be silly, Jerry!” said Mother. “You must have been seeing things.”

But Jerry had not been seeing things. Believe it or not, the sunflowers were all gone. Where in the world had that goat come from? Where in the world had he gone?



Eight O'Clock in the Morning



You know how you feel on a summer morning. You want to take your time about doing things. You feel like doing the things you want to do. You forget about the others.

Mrs. Hill had beds to make. She had the cellar to clean. She had housework enough to take her all morning. But at eight o'clock she took a look around and went out to work in her flower garden.

When you have the best flower garden in town, you like to work in it. Mrs. Hill liked it so well that she did not look up from her work. That was too bad for Mrs. Hill.



By and by something white went right down the outside cellar steps.

Mrs. Hill went right on working.

All at once she heard something. All the ladders and shovels! All the baskets and cans! Everything in that cellar must be coming down.

Mrs. Hill had never run so fast before. As she ran, she saw something white through the cellar window. It looked very much like a goat.

“Get out! Get out!” she shouted all the way down the cellar steps.

Now, I suppose the goat wanted to get out. But he could not get out the way he came in. How could he? Mrs. Hill was coming down the steps. So he took the other way out and went right up the inside steps to the kitchen.

It is too bad Mrs. Hill had not cleaned her kitchen. If she had put things away, there would not have been quite so much for that goat to turn upside down.

He bumped into everything. He started to eat all he could find to eat on the kitchen table. By the time Mrs. Hill was up the cellar steps, he had the table upside down and everything on it.





“Get out! Get out, I tell you!” she shouted, as she ran to open the door.

“Ma-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a!” said the goat, and out he went.

Mrs. Hill took just one look at that kitchen. Then she was out the door and after that goat as fast as she could go.

But look all she would, she could not find that goat. In the garden—up the road—around the house—no goat!

This was a surprise! There had been a goat here not five minutes before. Of course there had been! Where in the world had he come from? Where in the world had he gone?

Mrs. Hill ran over to tell Mrs. Gray, who lived next door.

“Dear me,” said Mrs. Gray, when she heard about the goat. “I would like to believe what you are saying. But there has not been a goat in this village for years and years and years.”

“But there is a goat here now!” said Mrs. Hill. “Come and see my kitchen.”

So Mrs. Gray went home with Mrs. Hill. They stopped in the doorway for just one minute. Then they did not care if it was a summer morning. They cleaned and cleaned and cleaned.

Ten O'Clock in the Morning



When you live in a village, you can always have good things to eat. The farms where the good things grow are not too far away.

About ten o'clock on summer mornings, the farmers in big farm wagons came down the streets of Friendly Village, one after the other.

If the farmers had fruit to sell, they always stopped at Mr. Andrews' store. He always wanted some fruit, you see.

There was a farmer in front of Mr. Andrews' store this morning. He had baskets and baskets of beautiful apples.

Mr. Andrews was there, too, with his coat off and his hands in his pockets. He was talking away to the old farmer.

“You will not find a worm in my apples,” the farmer was saying. “Not one worm!”

“They are the apples I like to sell,” said Mr. Andrews. “Suppose you give me six baskets. They will be just the things to put in my front window. Now I will have something to show people.”

Just at that minute the man who had the store next to Mr. Andrews shouted, “Show people! You have something to show people right now. He just ran in at your back door.”

Mr. Andrews did not know what the man was talking about. So he turned to look at his store. There through the front window he saw something white. It looked very much like a goat. He could not believe his eyes.



It did not take Mr. Andrews a minute to get back into his store. But by the time he got there, everything in the store was upside down.

“Get out! GET!” shouted Mr. Andrews.

I suppose the goat wanted to get out. I suppose he wanted to go out the way he came in. But Mr. Andrews was cross, and the goat was all turned around. He thought the front door was the back door.

“Ma-a-a-a!” he said, and out he went.

The farmer’s horse was right in front of the door. He was not blind in one eye, like Dolly. But he was so old that he could not even walk fast. He never thought of running. But he ran now.

Up went his ears! Down River Street he went with apples flying everywhere.

“Hold on there!” shouted the farmer.

“Stop, I say! Stop!”

Everyone ran after the runaway horse, even Mr. Andrews.



When the horse stopped running, Mr. Andrews remembered the goat.

But look where he would, he could not find that goat. Up the street—down the street—in the stores—outside the stores—no goat!

There had been a goat here not five minutes before. Where in the world had he come from? Where in the world had he gone?

So it went on all morning long. All over the village that goat showed up. Everywhere he went, he turned things upside down and got into mischief.

All the people who saw the goat believed in him. But all the other people just smiled and said, "Why, there has not been a goat in this village for years and years and years."

Yes! There Is a Goat



You know the sleepy time that comes on a summer afternoon. Mother's work is over for the day, and she wants to take a nap. It is too warm to play ball. Mother wants you to stay in the house and keep still.

Jerry wanted to please Mother. So he sat down by the front window to look at some pictures.

They were circus pictures. Pictures of the big tent and all the circus animals!





In one picture some monkeys had started to climb to the top branch of a tree. A funny fat clown had a ride in a baby stroller. Another clown danced in time to the circus music.

Jerry sat still until someone shouted, "Jerry! Jerry! There IS a goat!"

"Where? Where?" he shouted back, and out the door he flew.



“Down on River
Street! Come on!”
shouted the boy.

When the boys
got to River Street, they saw a crowd.

All the people on the outside of the
crowd laughed and had a good time.

All the people on the inside were
talking away as cross as could be.

They were talking to a little fat man
who looked as if he wanted to be jolly.
But he could not be jolly now. How
could he? There were too many cross
people talking to him.

There in front of the little fat man
was a goat. He was all ready to pull a
gay little wagon with red wheels. That
goat looked as if he never could get
into mischief. No, never!

“Let me tell you he did get into my cellar,” said Mrs. Hill. “He turned my table upside down. I wish you had been there to clean my kitchen. I will never forget it as long as I live.”

“Lady! Lady! Please let me talk. It was not my goat. He is a good goat. He stayed with me all morning. He was eating grass.”

“Eating grass, was he? No, he was not!” said Mr. Bell. “He was eating the old shingles from my garage roof.”

“Eating grass?” said Mr. Andrews. “He was in my store. That is where he was. He had everything upside down.”

“Yes, and he ate all your sunflowers, Mr. Andrews,” said Jerry.

“What!” said Mr. Andrews. “I did not know about that.”

Now, you know how it is when you get cross. After you have said all you want to say, you feel better. After you feel better, some of the things that happened are very, very funny.

All at once Mrs. Hill remembered how surprised she had been to see a white goat through her cellar window. She remembered how funny it really was to have a goat in your kitchen. Then she laughed until she cried.

Mr. Andrews remembered the runaway horse and the flying apples. The more he talked about them, the more he laughed. In the end he had to hold his sides, they hurt so much.

By this time the man with the goat looked jolly, too. Just the way he was supposed to look!



And what about the goat? Well, he looked up and all around. There was mischief in his eye, and, believe it or not, that goat laughed, too.



The End of It All

Then Mr. Andrews said to the man, "Where in the world did you come from?

What are you doing in this village?"

"I give boys and girls a ride in my wagon for just one dime," said the man. "Everyone can have a picture of himself and the goat for one dime more.

"We walk from village to village, my goat and I. This morning it was warm on the riverbank. I saw a good spot to take a nap under a big tree. I thought my goat would stay with me and eat grass, but he must have run away."

"That is just what he did," said Jerry.

"But," said the man, "when my nap was over, my goat was still eating grass."

“Well, you see,” said Mr. Andrews, “your nap was not a nap at all. It was a good long sleep. Your goat had time to run away and come back again. Time to get into mischief and eat grass, too!”

I believe Mr. Andrews was right about that, don't you?

The end of it all was that every boy and girl in Friendly Village had a ride in that gay little wagon with the red wheels. A ride all for nothing! No one had to have a ticket.

“I will make up for all the mischief my goat did,” said the jolly fat man.

When the boys and girls heard the news, they were very happy. But it was not good news for the goat.

Every boy and girl had a ride to the blacksmith shop and back again.



For a time the man walked by the side of the wagon. But before long the goat could go and come back all by himself.

Then everyone who had a dime for spending money had the jolly fat man take his picture.

It is a good thing Friendly Village was just a village. If it had been a town or city, the goat would have been going up and down to this very minute.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the goat was still going. He looked as if he did not want to take another step.

But the jolly fat man said, "We must get to the next town before night."



So the man and the goat started down the road. Really, I believe that goat never wanted to come back again.

Then Jerry and Mr. Andrews started for home. Jerry had a picture of himself and the goat. He thought it was beautiful—yes, just beautiful!

“This has been an exciting day,” said Mr. Andrews, as they came nearer to the old barn. “This makes three exciting days this summer. Today, the day you started to dig for treasure, and the day when Dolly went to join the circus!”

“You are right,” said Jerry. “But this was the best day of all. I knew something exciting was going to happen. You see, Mr. Andrews, I can always tell when exciting things are going to happen. I can feel it in my bones.”



IN THE MOUNTAINS



Summer in the Mountains

Do you know what mountains really are? If you live in the mountains, of course you know. But if you have never been in the mountains, suppose you look at this picture.

It is lovely in the mountains in the summertime. Here all the world is still and beautiful. Up and down the mountainsides are the pine woods where the wind sings through the trees.



Here and there you can see the little gray cabins. Grass and mountain flowers grow around the doorways.

Trails go from cabin to cabin and up, up, up over the mountaintops.

It is lovely in the mountains in the summertime.



Dan and Granny

Away up on the side of a mountain was a little gray cabin.

It was a friendly little cabin. I suppose the pine trees thought so, and that is why they sang in the wind.

Green grass grew all around it. Even the trail that climbed the mountain turned in at the gate and followed the flowers to the cabin door.

Dan and Granny May lived in the little gray cabin, and they were as friendly as the cabin they lived in.

"It is a pretty day," called Granny to everyone who climbed the mountain. "Sit on the step and tell me the news from the village. Spot, my little red cow, has some milk for you."

But sometimes days went by, and no one came to the cabin door. Then Dan and Granny May were very lonesome.

“Tell me a riddle, Granny,” said Dan one afternoon when work was over. “Then we will not be quite so lonesome.”

There was mischief in Granny’s blue eyes as she looked around the cabin. Then she said,

“What, oh what is my riddle about?

I let the wind in,

And the gray kitten out.”

“Oh, Granny,” laughed Dan, and his eyes danced with fun. “I know that. It is the wee hole under the cabin door. I hear the wind singing through there this very minute.”

Then it was Dan’s turn.

“I will catch you, Granny,” he laughed. “You just see if I don’t.



“I went up the mountain trail,
As fast as I could go it.
I have said my name three times,
And still you do not know it.”

Maybe Granny was not good at riddles.
Maybe she was just playing off.

“Dear me! I give up,” she said.

“I, Granny! The answer is I!” shouted
Dan. “Don’t you see how that is? I said
I three times.”

“I?” said Granny. “That is a funny
name for a boy. I know a better one.
Riddling Dan! How do you like that?”

All afternoon Dan and Granny told riddles. They never thought about being lonesome. So they were not lonesome.

The sun was going down behind the mountains, and night was coming on. Dan and Granny sat on the step to see it come. Some little white flowers were opening up in the grass by the doorway.

“Oh, Granny,” said Dan. “I know a good, good riddle.”



“I am not lovely by day,
For I hide away.
I am Pretty-by-night,
When I am shining snow-white.”

“I know the answer,” said Granny. “It is the flowers you are riddling about. They open at night. That is why they are called Pretty-by-night.

“Now I have a riddle,” Granny went on.

“Feathers behind him,
Feathers before,
Feathers around him,
He will hear nothing more.”

“I know! I will show you the answer,” cried Dan.

In a minute or two, he was deep down in his feather bed like a rabbit in its warm nest. The night wind sang through the wee hole under the cabin door. But Riddling Dan heard nothing more.

The Peddler



From that time on, Dan liked to talk in riddles. One day he knew twenty-seven. The next day it was twenty-eight.

“Riddling will not milk a cow or get wood for a fire, Dan,” Granny told him. “Forget your riddling and get to work.”

One morning Dan came down the mountain with firewood for Granny.

All at once he heard something. Someone was coming up the trail through the deep pine woods, singing a jolly tune.

“Oh, I am Jack, the peddler man.

I climb the trail as fast as I can.

Once I climbed an apple tree,

And all the apples fell on me.”

“Granny! Granny! The peddler!” shouted Dan. He fell over the step, and the wood flew here, there, and everywhere.



Granny came to the door with a pan in her hand. By this time Dan was flying down the trail.

He did not have far to go. Around the turn in the trail, he saw the peddler.

Peddler Jack was as brown as a penny from the sun. He was as jolly-looking as the tune he was singing. The pack on his back was so big that he had to look down at the trail and not up at the trees as he walked.



“Howdy!” called Dan.

“Howdy!” called Peddler Jack, as he looked up and stopped singing. “I just had a thought. The thought told me that someone in this cabin wanted something from my big pack. Then maybe I could rest on your doorstep.”

“Of course!” cried Dan, as he ran in at the gate. “Granny wants something.”

There was Granny in the sun on the doorstep, with her hand over her eyes.

“Sit on the step and rest,” called Granny. “Show me what you have to sell.”

In a minute the pack was open. Little pans, big pans were all over the step.

Now, Granny did not really want a pan. She just wanted to look. She had very little money, and she had to take good care of what she had.

What she really wanted was an iron pot with three little legs.

“I want an iron pot that can sit on the fire and never get a hole in it,” said Granny. “Pans can not do that.”

But the peddler did not have an iron pot with three little legs. So back into the pack went the pans. All but one!

Granny had gone back into the cabin to get something to eat for the peddler.



“Corn bread for me! A pan for Granny! Hide it away and give it to her when I am gone,” said the peddler.

Dan put the pan under the step. All at once he remembered something.

“Do you know some riddles?” he asked. “I know some good ones.”

“So you know some good ones,” smiled Peddler Jack. “Well, you can not catch me. I am the best riddling man in the mountains. No one can catch me! No one!”

“Maybe I can,” said Dan.

“And maybe you can not!” said Peddler Jack. “Let me see! If you catch me—!”

Peddler Jack put his hand into his pocket and took out a new dime.

“If you catch me, this is your dime,” he said. “But this is man to man, Dan. I will not play off. I will not say I don’t know if I do. So there!”

All this time Dan's eyes were shining. He knew one HARD riddle. Very, very HARD! How he did hope Peddler Jack had not heard it! How he did hope!

Just then Granny came out of the cabin with the good corn bread and milk. So riddling had to stop.

But good things always come to an end. So did the milk and corn bread.

Then right away Dan started in.

“A man without eyes
Saw pears on a tree.
He did not take pears.
He did not leave pears.
Now, how can that be?”

I wish you had been there to see Peddler Jack's eyes. He had never been so surprised before. Why, he was the Riddling Man of the mountains! Was he going to let a boy catch him?



“Say it again! Say it again!” said the peddler. “Then I can guess the answer.”

But saying it over was no help at all.

“A man without eyes can’t see,” he said to Granny. “You know he can’t.”

“Oh, yes he can,” cried Dan. “Don’t you help him, Granny. Don’t you help!”

“If there are pears on a tree and you don’t take them, you have to leave them. Of course you do!” the peddler went on.

“Oh, no you don’t!” cried Dan. “Do you give up? Do you?”

Poor Peddler Jack! In the end, that is what he had to do. Give up!

“Now I can tell you the answer,” cried Dan. “The man had just one eye! An EYE, not EYES! But he could see with it!”

“There were just two pears on that fruit tree. Now can you guess the rest?” asked Granny, with a twinkle in her eye.

“Yes, I can,” laughed the peddler. “He took a pear—not pears. Then there was a pear—not pears—still on the tree. I thought I was pretty good at riddles, but it took the letter S to catch me.”

Then Peddler Jack gave Dan the dime.

"It is a good thing for me you are a boy—not boys," he laughed. "I might have to give away all my money."

Then he went on up the trail.

How pleased Granny was with the pan!

"It is just big enough for the egg from my little red hen," she said.

Dan went into the cabin. From a box on the table, he took four more dimes.

"Look, Granny! Now I have five!" he called. "Enough to get a mouth organ the next time I go to the village!"

Granny's eyes twinkled. "Then we will have music on the mountain," she said.

But when could Dan go to the village? Granny was too old to go, and it was too far for a boy to go all by himself.





Neighbors on the Mountain

One morning about ten days after this, Dan came up the trail like the wind.

Oh, what exciting news he had for Granny! Someone had come to live in the cabin not far down the mountain. Someone by the name of Andy! Granny could walk that far. She must come right away to say howdy.

So of course that is what Granny did.

Andy Brown and his wife Betsy! They were the neighbors who had come to live in the cabin. Now Dan and Granny would never be lonesome.

When you like your next-door neighbors very, very much, you give them some good names. Uncle Andy and Aunt Betsy! That is what Dan called them.

Every time Dan called them that, he liked them better. If they called him Riddling Dan, maybe you know why.



From that time on, seven or eight times a day, Granny had to say to Dan,

“Stop your riddling and get to work! Don’t you go a step down the mountain until you get me that wood!”

When the day’s work was over, Aunt Betsy and Uncle Andy always came up the mountain, or Dan and Granny went down.

Then they sat on the doorstep. Uncle Andy sang, and Dan told riddles until the sun went down.

Now, there was one thing Uncle Andy wanted very, very much. He wanted a good big garden patch on the side of the mountain. Then there would be good things for all of them when winter came.

But if Uncle Andy was to have a garden patch, he had to have a good brown mule to help him. When it comes to working, there is nothing like a good brown mule.

If Uncle Andy wanted a mule, he had to go down to the village at the



foot of the mountain. He could not walk that far. Not Uncle Andy!

For days and days he thought about it. Then all at once he had the answer.

A man he knew lived in the pine woods not far away. That man had an old gray horse. It was not much of a horse, and its bones were showing. But it might be good enough to carry Uncle Andy down to the village and home again.

That afternoon when Dan and Granny came down the trail, there was a gray horse eating grass by the doorstep.

Dan and Granny stopped still in the trail with their mouths open. That shows how surprised they were.



Poor Dan! When he heard what Uncle Andy was going to do, he looked as if he did not have a friend. Not a friend in the world!

To the village on horseback! Uncle Andy was going, and Dan was not! Talk about fair! This was not fair at all!

No one ever told me that Uncle Andy was the wisest man in the mountains. But all the same, he was the wisest man around that cabin. His blue eyes twinkled at Granny as he said,

“Do you know a boy
Who can hop out of bed,
When the sun comes up,
And the sky is red?

He might go to the village, you see,
And ride the old mule home for me.”



"Did you ever hear that riddle? I wish I knew the answer," said Uncle Andy.

"I DO!" shouted Dan, and I really think you could have heard him in the village at the foot of the mountain.

Do you think Dan heard the wind that night as it sang through the wee hole under the cabin door? I am sure that he did. Could you sleep if you were going to town on horseback with Uncle Andy?

The sun was not up when Dan got Granny out of bed the next morning.

Poor Granny! What a time she had to get Dan to eat his breakfast! What a time she had to get him all cleaned up!

All the same, he had to do as Granny said. He was even clean behind the ears when he said good-by.

"Here I come with my five dimes," he called, as he ran down the trail.

Aunt Betsy was in the kitchen door with something in her hand.

“Keep your dimes,” she called. “See what I found in Uncle Andy’s old coat.”

There in her hand was a mouth organ. Not a new one, but still a good one!

“For me to keep?” asked Dan.

“To keep,” answered Aunt Betsy.

Uncle Andy helped Dan up on the horse.

A mouth organ to keep! Five dimes in his pocket! Could any boy have any more good things happen in one day?

It was a lovely morning. The trail went down, down, and around the mountain. It was very still in the deep pine woods.

Dan and Uncle Andy would talk for a time. Then they would keep still so that they could hear the birds sing.

Once they saw a wild deer without antlers on the trail in front of them.



In the Village

Of course, Dan had to try that mouth organ. It was great fun. He did not know a thing about playing. But he had an ear for music. So Uncle Andy said.

By the time they could see the roofs of the village, Dan could play a tune.

"Not much like bird music," laughed Uncle Andy, with a twinkle in his eye.

All the same, it was a tune.

Just as they came to the village, Dan remembered something. The thought made him jump. Then the horse jumped.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Uncle Andy in a great cross voice.

"Oh," said Dan. "I know what to do with my five dimes. Granny wants an iron pot with three little legs. I can get it for her in the village."

"If we can find one," said Uncle Andy. "If it is old enough to sell for just that much money. Two big if's, Dan."

Before long Uncle Andy found a man who had mules to sell. One mule was the best working mule in the mountains.



“Every time that mule stops working, have a turnip ready,” said the man. “That is what I did, and that mule always started right in working again.”

“Maybe we had better have a basket of turnips on hand to get that mule up the mountain,” laughed Uncle Andy. Then he went into a shop to get the turnips.

After that Dan and Uncle Andy went from store to store, looking for the iron pot. Not a pot could they find!

“Don’t give up!” said a little old lady who looked like Granny. “There is one more store. People up and down the mountain bring all the things they don’t want to that store. They sell them for what they can get. Maybe you will find your pot there.”

And do you know? Granny's pot WAS there. It was pretty rusty, but the man gave it to Dan for just five dimes.

At last Dan and Uncle Andy were on their way home. Uncle Andy, on the horse, had the basket of turnips. Dan, on the mule, had the rusty iron pot.

As they started down the street, Dan saw someone with a pack on his back.

"Peddler Jack!" he shouted.

Peddler Jack looked as if he could not believe what his eyes were seeing.

"The riddle boy!" he cried in a great big voice. "What brings you to town?"

He walked right up to the brown mule.

Then do you know what happened? The minute he saw that rusty iron pot, the peddler laughed as hard as he could.





“You were smart enough to catch me.
Now YOU answer this riddle,” he said.

“Brown upon white,
And white upon brown.

Three legs up and six legs down.”

Poor Dan did not know the answer.
How the crowd of people laughed at him!

“Give up?” chuckled Peddler Jack.

Dan would not give up.

Before long Uncle Andy put a stop to things.

“Give up, Dan!” he said. “After all, we have to get home before night.”

At last Dan gave up. Then do you know what the peddler did? He took the pot and turned it upside down on Dan’s head.

“You’re a smart boy,” said Peddler Jack. “Now you find out the answer.”

Dan found it out in a hurry. Can you?



Coming down the mountain on horseback was fun. But going up the trail on muleback was much more fun.

Dan rode in front, and Uncle Andy rode behind to keep his eye on the mule.

It is a good thing Uncle Andy had the basket. How that mule did like turnips!

Every now and then the mule would stop. But when Uncle Andy rode up and gave him a turnip, he would hurry along up the trail again.

The last turnip took the mule as far as Uncle Andy's cellar door. There were Granny and Aunt Betsy.

Granny was so pleased when she saw the iron pot that she smiled all over.

And do you know? Granny was smart. When Dan put the pot on his head and asked Granny the riddle, she knew the answer right away.



FIDDLE MUSIC



Home to the Mountains

A summer morning in the mountains!
The door of a little gray cabin opens.
Someone you like very much comes out
to sit in the sun on the doorstep.

Who is it? Not Dan or Granny! Not
Uncle Andy or Aunt Betsy! Not Peddler
Jack! If you guess for a year and a
day, I will still have to tell you.

It is Mr. Carl. The same Mr. Carl who lives in Friendly Village, next door to Alice and Jerry!

Many years before this, when Mr. Carl was a boy, he lived in the mountains.

He always remembered the good times he had there. What fun it was to climb the trails and to hide in the deep pine woods!

So every year when summertime comes around again, Mr. Carl comes back to the mountains.

Every year the mountain boys and girls are looking for him. They like Mr. Carl just as well as Alice and Jerry do.

Nice things always happen when Mr. Carl is around. So nice things are going to happen in the mountains this summer.

Would you like to know what the nice things are? Suppose we find out.



Mountain Tunes

When Mr. Carl was in the mountains, he was up as soon as the sun.

“It is the wind in the trees,” Mr. Carl would say. “It is the birds! I can’t sleep when birds are singing.”

When breakfast was over, he liked to put some more pine wood onto the open fire. Then he sat and played the old mountain tunes on his fiddle.

At home in Friendly Village, he never thought about his fiddle. But he did not forget to bring it with him to the mountains.

“There is music in the mountain air,” chuckled Mr. Carl. “Music in the air!”

And there was music when Mr. Carl played his fiddle.

All the boys and girls who lived in the cabins not too far away came up the trail to hear the music. The tunes they liked best were "The Lonesome Trail" and "The Old Pine Tree."

They all stayed for a time to sing the tunes. Then, one by one or two by two, they would hurry down along the trail.

Sometimes Dan came from his home on the other side of the mountain. He stayed until Mr. Carl played every tune he knew. The tune Dan liked best was,

"Charlie went over the mountain,
To see what he could see;
But the other side of the mountain,
Was all there was to see."

It was a jolly tune,
and Dan liked to
sing the words as
Mr. Carl played.





“That is the best mountain tune there is, Dan,” said Mr. Carl one morning. “Why not learn to play it?”

“Play it!” cried Dan. “How could I learn? What would I play on?”

“On my little brown fiddle,” said Mr. Carl. “You can learn by working hard.”

Dan’s eyes showed how happy he was. So every morning after that, Dan worked hard to learn to fiddle.

The Voice at the Door

It took Dan a long, long time, but at last he could play the tune. Not so well as Mr. Carl, but very well for a boy! Oh, how he did enjoy it!

One morning Dan was playing better than he had ever played before. All at once Mr. Carl jumped from his seat and danced around the cabin floor.



Dan went right on playing.

I guess it must have been the music. Anyway, Mr. Carl went on dancing faster and faster. Nothing could stop him.

"Howdy! Keep it up!" called a voice from the door. "That is a gay tune!"

It was Peddler Jack. His pack with all his pans was on the doorstep.

Mr. Carl stopped in a hurry. Even his ears were red. What would the peddler think of him? An old man dancing! How silly he must have looked!

But Mr. Carl did not have to feel silly for very long. In another minute the peddler was right out on the cabin floor dancing, too.

At last the tune was over.

"Smart boy!" said the peddler, with a twinkle in his eye. "You can fiddle as well as you can riddle. Keep it up, Dan."

Oh, for a Fiddle

All the rest of the summer Dan did keep it up. Before long he could play one tune after another. Every day he enjoyed that fiddle more and more.



Still there were times when Dan was not happy. At night in his warm feather bed, he would sometimes think,

“What will I do when Mr. Carl leaves for home? I won’t ever be a fiddler. I won’t even have a fiddle.”

Dan told everyone he knew about the fiddle. But no one could help him.

“I wish I could give YOU what YOU want,” said Granny, and she thought of the little iron pot. “But my money must go for something to eat and to get shoes for the winter.”

“Try to forget about the fiddle,” said Aunt Betsy. “Where is that mouth organ I gave you the day you rode to the village? Play on that and be happy.”

“If it were a turnip you wanted, my mule, Old Rusty, might help you out,” chuckled Uncle Andy. “Where can you get a fiddle? I can’t answer that riddle.”

No one found the answer to that riddle. Poor Dan! How he longed for a fiddle!





The Fiddling Bee

One afternoon just before sundown, Peddler Jack again made his way up the trail to Mr. Carl's cabin.

"Where is that riddle boy who plays the fiddle?" he asked. "There will be a fiddling bee tomorrow night in the village at the foot of the mountain. All the old fiddlers will be there. They are so old now that this may be the last fiddling bee in the mountains. I want them to be sure to hear that boy."

Just then Dan came around the cabin. You never saw eyes so big and shining as Dan's were when he heard the news.

The next afternoon Dan, Granny, and Mr. Carl rode down the trail with one of their neighbors in a mountain wagon.

It was sundown when they got to the village. There was a great patch of green grass at one end of the village street. This was the village green. Around it was a great crowd of people.

When everyone was there, the old mountain fiddlers played and played.

Oh, how Dan did enjoy it! The old fiddler who got the prize played some of the tunes Dan liked best. "The Lonesome Trail" and "The Old Pine Tree!"

When the last tune was over, Peddler Jack walked out in front of the crowd. He had Mr. Carl's fiddle in his hands.

“A surprise for you, my friends,” called the peddler. “Here is a fiddler you have never heard. Come, Dan! We want to hear you play!”



Now the fiddle was in Dan's hands. He played as he had never played before.

“You're going to be the best fiddler in the mountains if you keep on,” said one old fiddler and then another.

Then the fiddler who got the prize took Dan's cap around to everyone in the crowd. When the cap came back, it was almost full of pennies.

“Someday you will take my prize away from me,” chuckled the old fiddler, as he gave Dan the cap full of pennies.



Oh, how delighted Dan was. He ran to Granny and gave her a big hug.

“Now play for your money!” called Mr. Carl. “Play ‘Charlie Over the Mountain!’”

So Dan played “Charlie Over the Mountain.” I guess it must have been the music. Anyway, before the tune was over, all the crowd was dancing and singing.

What good care Dan took of his cap as he rode up the mountain trail! But even then he did not have money enough to get a little brown fiddle.

Time to Go

It was Mr. Carl's last night in the mountains. The sun had just gone down behind the mountaintop, and nightingales sang in the pine trees.

All at once Mr. Carl took his fiddle and started up the trail.

"It is the fair thing to do to give my fiddle to Dan," he said to himself. "He has a birthday coming soon. He can't be a mountain fiddler without any fiddle."



When he came to the mountaintop, Mr. Carl looked down on the other side.

There was Dan on the doorstep, eating corn bread and playing the mouth organ at the same time.

“Put that mouth organ away, Dan,” called Mr. Carl. “Here is a fiddle for your birthday. A fiddle all your own!”

Dan’s blue eyes told how happy he was. He could not say a word. But the look in his eyes was better than any “Thank you” for Mr. Carl.

“Now,” said Mr. Carl. “I hope you get to be the best fiddler in the mountains.”

And do you know? That is just what happened. If you go to the mountains today, everyone will say, “Are you looking for the best fiddling man and the best riddling man in the mountains? Well, he is Riddling Dan.”



ON THE GREAT PLAINS



The Great Plains

Do you know what the Great Plains really are? If you live on the plains, of course you know. But if you have never been on the plains, suppose you look at this picture.

All around you on every side are rolling country and grass, grass, grass. Here and there a house! Here and there a tree! Here and there a river!



The Cattle Country! That is what the plains are called, for everywhere you look, cattle are grazing. Cowboys on fast horses ride over the plains to take care of the cattle.

Would you like to go to the Cattle Country in the summertime? Would you like to ride over the rolling plains with the cowboys? Jack did. Suppose we hear what happened.



Great News

Not very far from
Friendly Village
was the farm where
Jack lived.

It was a morning in early summer.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” called the roosters.
“Cluck,” said the hens, and “Quack,” said
the ducks. Geese walked about in the
barnyard. Cows were grazing, and pigs
splashed in the puddles.

All at once the door of the farmhouse
flew open, and Jack ran down the steps.

He was so happy that he could not
stand still. His hair was standing up
all over his head. His blue eyes twinkled,
and he smiled from ear to ear.

Anyone could tell that something
exciting was going to happen. A boy did
not look like that for nothing.

Right now Jack was on his way down the road to the next farmhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods lived there, and Jack had something to tell them. He had to tell someone, you see. The news was too good to keep.

The door of that farmhouse flew open, and Jack was in the kitchen.

He did not stop to see who was there. He just shouted, "What do you think? Guess where I am going?"

But before anyone could guess, Jack went right on talking.

"I am going out West with Father. I am going to see cowboys. I am going to see Uncle Mac. I have never seen him before, and he has never seen me."

"Well," chuckled Mr. Woods, running his hand through his hair. "Sit down and tell me about it. This is great news."

“But I can’t wait,” said Jack. “I am going in a few minutes. I just came to say good-by.”

“What was that you said?” asked Mrs. Woods, as she came into the kitchen with a pan of apples in her hand. “Going out West? In a few minutes? What are we going to do without you?”

“I will be back when autumn comes,” said Jack. “I can’t wait now. Good-by!”





Mr. and Mrs. Woods stood at the door to watch Jack as he went down the road.

“Have a good time,” they called. “Don’t forget to come back.”

“I won’t,” cried Jack, and he ran faster than ever. How could he help running? How could anyone help running who was going out West to see cowboys?



Cowboy Jack

For the next two days Jack and his father rode on the long train that was going out West where the cowboys live.

They ate on the train. They went to sleep on the train. But most of the time Jack stood by the window to watch the houses and trees fly by.

Sometimes he saw farms with big white houses like his house at home. Sometimes he saw villages that made him think of Friendly Village.

On went the train through one big city and then another.

At last they came to the Great Plains. How far Jack could see! Not a tree! Not a house! Just mile after mile of rolling country and grass, grass, grass.

“Here we are on the Great Plains,” said Father. “And not far away from here, on a big farm called a ranch, Uncle Mac is waiting for you. We will be there most any time now.”

From that time on, Jack had a hard time trying to sit still or stand still. You may be sure he was all ready to jump off when the train stopped.

At the foot of the train steps was a jolly-looking man. He smiled at Jack in a most friendly way. Jack knew at once that it must be Uncle Mac.

“Well, upon my word! What a big fellow you are, Jack. I have been waiting years to see you. It is about time you came out West to see me,” chuckled Uncle Mac.

By this time Jack knew deep down inside himself that he liked Uncle Mac and Uncle Mac liked him.



Then Uncle Mac began to talk to Father, and Jack had time to look around.

“Is this place a town?” thought Jack. “I never saw a place like this before. One store and just a few houses!”

There was just one street in that town, too. The houses were on one side of the street and the store on the other.

Jack was just going to run over and look in the store window when Uncle Mac turned to him and began talking.

“I declare, Jack! This will never do. You are in the cow country now, and we must make a cowboy out of you in some way or other. Come with me!”

In a minute or two, they were all in the store. A friendly-looking man with dark hair and eyes came up to them.

“What can we do to make a cowboy out of this fellow?” asked Uncle Mac.





“I declare!” said the dark-haired man. “That will take a cowboy suit and everything that we have to go with it.”

I suppose you can guess what happened.

When Jack came out of the store, he was not Jack, the farmer boy. He was Cowboy Jack, in a cowboy suit, all ready for the next exciting thing to happen.

It was a long, long ride in Uncle Mac’s car out to the ranch. Far off to the west Jack could see mountains. A silver airplane went by in the sky overhead. Anyway, it looked like silver. Not far away Jack could see cattle grazing. And all around him were rolling country and grass, grass, grass.

Cowboys

The afternoon was about over when the car stopped at the long ranch house.

Jack jumped out and looked around him. Not a horse!

Not a cowboy anywhere! Was this all there was to a ranch? If so, Jack did not care much about it.

How Uncle Mac laughed when he saw the not very happy look in Jack's eyes.

"Looking for cowboys?" he chuckled. "See that fence over there, Jack? That fenced-in place is called a corral. Keep your eye on it and see what happens."

You may be sure Jack did. Father and Uncle Mac could go into the house. But not Jack! Nothing could make HIM go!





All at once Jack heard something. Horses' feet! Could it be? Yes, it was!

He ran around the ranch house just in time to see five cowboys on horses come dashing up. They rode their horses into the fenced-in place called the corral.

By the time Jack got to the corral, four cowboys were off their horses.

The last cowboy, named Red, had a hard time. Just as he came dashing into the corral, his horse began to buck.

Red knew just what to do. He rode that horse around and around the corral until it was all tired out. When it was tired out, it stopped bucking, and Red jumped to his feet.

“What a wild horse!” shouted Jack.

“I like them that way! Hello, fellow! Where did you come from?” called Red.



Jack did not have time to answer. The rest of the cowboys crowded around him, and then a voice called,

“COME AND GET IT!”

All the cowboys started to run, and Jack went dashing after them. He did not know what they were going to get. But whatever it was, he was going to get it, too.

They ran right into a long house not far from the corral.

As soon as Jack was in the doorway, he knew what they were going to get.

There was the smell of good things in the air. Jack saw a long table with a good supper ready and waiting.

Jack did not wait to be asked. Oh, my, no! That supper smelled too good. He just sat down with the cowboys and ate and ate and ate.

When everyone was through eating, all the cowboys had to tell the cook what they thought of the supper.



Then they went out to sit on the steps of the cookhouse.

One cowboy, named Charlie, took out his mouth organ, and how he did play!

Before long all the cowboys were singing one cowboy song after another.

“Sing, Cowboy! Sing for your supper!” called Red, and then Jack sang, too.

Then out from the cookhouse came the cook with his fiddle in his hand. Charlie played the mouth organ, the cook fiddled, and the songs went on and on.

All at once a great big voice called, “Is this a singing bee or a fiddling bee, and who gets the prize?”

There stood Uncle Mac and Father.

"You are a great fiddler," Uncle Mac said to the cook. "But it is time for one cowboy I know to be in bed."

When Jack heard the word bed, he thought of something. Next to the cook-house was another long house with bunks around the sides. How he wished that he could bunk there with the cowboys!

Red must have guessed what Jack was thinking. All at once he stood up.

"Come on, Cowboy!" he said to Jack. "You can bunk on top of me."

Jack looked at Father, but Father did not say "No!" So Jack went with Red.

Jack was sure he had not been sleeping a minute when the cook called,

"COME AND GET IT!"

Red was up and dressed before Jack was through thinking how sleepy he was.

“Out with you!” called Red, as he threw some cold water into Jack’s sleepy eyes. “Come and get it, Cowboy!”

Jack was up and dressed in a hurry after that. What a big breakfast he and all the cowboys had!

The sun was just coming up from behind the clouds, as Jack stood by the corral to watch the cowboys ride away.





The Cow Pony

Now Jack, in his cowboy suit, walked up to the ranch house. Uncle Mac was just coming out of the door.

"I declare!" chuckled Uncle Mac. "A cowboy on foot! A cowboy on foot is no cowboy at all. Let me see! I believe I saw a cow pony down in the pasture."

And sure enough, down in the pasture, waiting for Jack, was a cow pony.

"This pony knows the range, Jack," said Uncle Mac. "The range is the name we give to the Great Plains where the cattle are grazing."

"I hear that you have learned to ride a little on the farm back home. Someday, when you have learned to ride well, you can go out on the range with Red."

All morning Jack rode the cow pony.

As the sun was going down and the clouds in the west were turning red, the cowboys came dashing up.

Jack on his cow pony was waiting for them at the gate of the corral.

“Just as soon as I can ride well enough, I am going out on the range with you, Red,” he shouted.

“What do you know about that?” Red shouted back. “Come on, Cowboy! Let me show you how to ride!”

Then Red showed Jack the right way to get on his pony.

Talk about making a boy work! Red made Jack get on and off that pony again and again. Jack learned so well that he never forgot.



Every night after that Jack learned a little more. If he learned just a little at a time, maybe you know why.

When the cook called, "Come and get it!" Red forgot all about horses and started for the cookhouse.

When a cowboy is hungry, he is very hungry, and there is just one thing to do about it. In that way, cowboys and all boys are just alike.



A Day on the Range

As the days went by, Jack learned to ride the cow pony better and better. How he wished he had a rope to carry with him on his saddle!

“The rope can wait! Learn one thing well before you try another,” said Red.

At last the day came when Red said, “It is time you rode the range, Jack. Saddle your horse and come with me.”



Jack never knew until that day how big the Great Plains really were.

Here and there they came upon cattle and horses grazing. Red rode up and around them to see that all was well. Then he and Jack rode on again.

Once they even came upon some wild horses grazing not far from a water hole. The wild horses were up and away as soon as they saw the cowboys.

"Someday I am going to catch one with my rope," said Red.

How Jack wished he could be around when that happened!

When the morning was over, they stopped by a water hole. No two cowboys were ever so hungry before.

Flapjacks and bacon! That is what they were going to have. But no flapjacks and bacon without making a fire!

Red looked around to find just the right place. He took great care to see



that the grass did not catch on fire.

Before long the fire was snap, snapping away, and Red was singing “Home on the Range” as he cooked.

Have you ever had flapjacks and bacon cooked over an open fire? Jack never had, and how he did enjoy it!

Then, as Red and Jack rested under a tree by the water hole, the best thing of all happened.

Red showed Jack how to twirl the long rope that cowboys always carry with them. He twirled it around and around and then threw it right over the head of one of the cows that was grazing not far away.

Red threw the rope again and again.



Then, of course, Jack had to try. But he couldn't do a thing with that rope. It was too long for him.

"Here is one not quite so long," said Red. "Try your hand at this."

He gave Jack a rope that had been tied to his saddle.

After about twenty-five times, Jack threw this rope right over his cow pony's head. That pony was just as surprised as Jack when that happened.

Just as Red and Jack started for home, Red heard something. “Moo-oo-oo-oo!”

“A cow in trouble! Come on!” he cried, and away he rode. Jack followed after.

Red stopped at the top of a deep hole. Yes, there was trouble! Down in the hole was a cow that could not get out.

Red threw his rope over the cow's horns. He tied the rope to the front of his saddle. The horse pulled the cow by the horns to help her out of the hole.



"I use my rope for several things, and this is one of them," said Red. "Come on, Jack! We must hurry home!"

It was a happy but tired Jack who rode into the corral that night. He was too tired to eat much. Too tired to sing the cowboy songs! Too tired to tell Father and Uncle Mac all that happened! Too tired to do anything but sleep!

The next morning Jack's tired feeling was all gone, and he was ready for more nice things to happen.

From this time on, he had many happy days on the range. The more he rode, the better he liked it, and the more Uncle Mac and the cowboys liked him.

No one was surprised to hear Jack say, "I will be right back again next summer. When I grow up, I will be a cowboy. Of course I will!"

Singing Boy

Not many miles to the west of Uncle Mac's ranch lived an Indian family. A father, a mother, and a little Indian boy and girl, who looked very much alike.

The father was called Snapping Turtle, and the mother Dark Eyes.

The name of the happy little Indian girl was Silver Cloud.

The boy, who could ride his pony better than any other Indian boy for miles around, was called Singing Boy.

All through the long summer days Snapping Turtle was at work. He was making beautiful things of silver to sell to the white people who came to the Indian country.



Every day, Dark Eyes sat outside the doorway of the Indian house. She was making the beautiful Indian blankets.

Snapping Turtle and Dark Eyes were happy as they worked. They sang the lovely old songs of the Indian people.

Most of the time Singing Boy was out with the cattle. He looked here and there to find the best grazing places.

Silver Cloud's work was to take care of the sheep. Every morning she opened the gate of the corral and followed the sheep out to pasture on the plains.

When Singing Boy and Silver Cloud were out on the plains, White-foot, the long-haired sheep dog, was always with them. He had been their friend and play-fellow for seven long years. No trouble could come to Singing Boy and Silver Cloud when White-foot was around.



Now summer was almost over. The white people who had come to the Indian house, or hogan, had bought Dark Eyes' beautiful blanket and the lovely things Snapping Turtle had made from silver.

Singing Boy and Silver Cloud had found the best grazing places, and the cattle and sheep were very fat.

All this was good, and the family of Snapping Turtle was very happy.

The Feast of Thanksgiving

One afternoon when work was over, Snapping Turtle said to Dark Eyes,

“After two more sleeps in the hogan, we will go to the foot of Big Mountain. There we will join the rest of the Indians in the Feast of Thanksgiving.

“We will stay for three days and nights to give thanks for all the good things that have happened.”

When Singing Boy and Silver Cloud heard this, they ran to the spring and back again to show how delighted they were. There would be dancing at Big Mountain, and they longed to go.

The day before the last sleep, Snapping Turtle took the cattle to the best grazing place on the bank of the river.



Singing Boy and Silver Cloud took food and water to the sheep in the

corral. Enough food and water to last for three days and three nights!



When the feast day came, everyone in the hogan was up before the sun.

The last thing Singing Boy must do was to leave bread and water for White-foot, his friend and playfellow.

He took the water jug from the floor of the hogan and ran to the spring.

The jug was almost full of water when Singing Boy heard an airplane in the sky overhead. He ran shouting to the hogan so that Silver Cloud could see it, too. In his hurry, he forgot the jug.

The sun was up over Big Mountain when the family started on its way.

Snapping Turtle drove the wagon, and Dark Eyes and Silver Cloud sat at his side on the seat of the wagon.

Singing Boy could ride so well that Snapping Turtle let him ride by himself on Sure-foot, his Indian pony.

"It has been a good year," said Snapping Turtle, as they followed the trail to the mountain. "We must show thanks by dancing well and singing many songs around the feast fires."

Just before the family came to Big Mountain, they could hear singing voices. Happy voices! The feast fires were shining red to tell them that many other Indians were there before them.

All afternoon the Indians gave thanks in singing and dancing.

When the singing and dancing ended, the races began.



The best race of all was to come at sunup the next morning. A pony race for all the Indian boys! So Snapping Turtle said. The boy who could win the race would get a silver dollar.

Oh, how Singing Boy wanted to win that race! How he wanted the prize of a silver dollar! He could win the race. He knew he could. On the back of Sure-foot, his Indian pony, he could ride faster than any other Indian boy.

The sun was going down over Big Mountain, and feast fires were shining red. All at once Singing Boy remembered something. Remembered so well that he stopped still in the trail!

The Indian jug full of water for White-foot was still at the spring. He had not remembered the jug when the airplane came flying through the sky.

White-foot was tied fast by the door of the hogan.

White-foot who had been Singing Boy's friend and play-fellow for seven long years! He could not get water for himself.

Singing Boy knew what he must do. First of all, he must forget tomorrow's race and the prize he wanted so much. He must go back to the hogan this very night and give White-foot some water.

When Snapping Turtle heard what had happened, this is what he said,

"You are right! It will soon be night, but all will be well with you. Go at once! White-foot is waiting for you."

Singing Boy jumped on the back of Sure-foot, his own little pony. He took one last look at the feasting place.



"I can not go," thought Singing Boy. "I must stay for the first race tomorrow morning. I can win the silver dollar."

Once more he thought of White-foot, tied fast to the hogan without water.

"We must not turn back," he whispered to Sure-foot. "Fly, little pony! We go to help White-foot, my friend."

The pony heard, and he flew like the wind along the trail.

On and on went Singing Boy and his pony! On and on until it began to grow dark, and stars twinkled in the sky.





Night came, but Singing Boy looked up at the stars and was not afraid.

The night bird sang softly not far from the trail, and the Indian boy thought he had never heard so lovely a song.

On along the trail flew the pony. Now they had come to the rocks by the water hole and were almost home.

When they came to the hogan, Singing Boy jumped from his pony.

"I am coming, White-foot," he called, as he raced to the spring. "This time I won't forget."

With the jug full of cold water, he ran back to where White-foot was tied.

How glad White-foot was to see him! He looked as if he were trying to say, "All day I have wanted water. I knew you would come, Singing Boy."

Then Singing Boy got food and water for himself and his pony, and food and more water for White-foot.

"All is well," he said. He laughed softly and went to sleep in the hogan.

As the sun came over the mountain, he was on his way back to the feasting. Too late for the race! Too late to win the silver dollar! But Singing Boy was happy.

THE LUCKY STONE



The Sky-Blue Stones

“Early in the morning
The bluebird sings,
Beautiful as the sky,
The bluebird.

“But I have a stone,
A sky-blue stone,
Beautiful as the bluebird,
My lucky stone.”

Singing Boy sat on a rock by the hogan, singing softly to himself. He was turning over and over in his hand a lovely sky-blue stone called a turquoise.

The song stopped, and Singing Boy took from about his neck another sky-blue stone. He smiled to himself as he placed the two stones side by side.

“My lucky stones,” he whispered, as he looked from one to the other.



The turquoise that he took from about his neck had been Singing Boy's lucky stone for many years. Dark Eyes had put it there in the "moon of green leaves." Then Singing Boy had been only a baby in the hogan of Snapping Turtle.

"Lucky is he who owns a turquoise," Dark Eyes had said. "Now only good things can happen to Singing Boy."

The other turquoise had come to Singing Boy in another way.

Red Deer and his family lived in the hogan by the water hole. Several days before, they had gone to the trading post of the white man to sell their blankets.

Singing Boy was to take care of Red Deer's sheep and cattle. Every day he took them to the best grazing places and gave them water.

Now, after five days, Red Deer and his family were at home again.

"You have cared well for my sheep and cattle," Red Deer said to Singing Boy. "Here is something for you from the trading post of the white man."

Then he put into Singing Boy's hand a lovely sky-blue turquoise. That is why the Indian boy sat by the door of the hogan singing softly to himself:

"Beautiful as the sky,
My lucky stones."

The Silver Bracelet

Singing Boy knew that the first stone, the one he had had for many years, must be tied again about his neck. There it must stay to keep trouble away.

But the other stone! The new one! What was he to do with that?

For three moons he had been learning from Snapping Turtle, his father, to work in silver. Someday he, too, would make beautiful silver things to sell at the trading post of the white man.

Could he make something now? Some lovely thing to hold his lucky stone?

A ring? No! The turquoise was not big enough for that. An earring? No! He must have two earrings just alike, and he had only one stone.

Singing Boy knew what he would make. A lovely silver bracelet!

On one end of the bracelet he would put the picture of splashing rain. On the other end would be the cloud ladder going to the sky. Then in the best place of all, in a place all its own, he would put the sky-blue turquoise.

Singing Boy laughed softly and jumped to his feet. He could not wait.

With one lucky stone about his neck and the other in his hand, he ran around the hogan to find Snapping Turtle.

In a few minutes he was at work.

Tap, tap, tap went Singing Boy's hammer all through the long afternoon. Tap, tap, tap it went through the next afternoon and the next until Singing Boy grew very tired.

"Watch how I use the hammer," said Snapping Turtle. "Do not hurry. Hammer the silver long and well."



Tap, tap, tap went the hammer until the silver for the bracelet grew long and smooth. Tap, tap, tap until Snapping Turtle said, "You have worked well. It is smooth enough, Singing Boy."

Then at one end Singing Boy put the picture of splashing rain. At the other end was the cloud ladder going to the sky. Last of all, in a place all its own, he put his lucky stone.

Now the bracelet was in the Indian boy's hand. He was holding it out so that the sun was shining full upon it. The delighted look in his eyes and the way he smiled told how happy he was.

"My bracelet," he said again and again. "Rain to make things grow for me. A cloud ladder to carry me to the sky. A turquoise to bring good things to me. My bracelet is a beautiful thing."

He ran into the hogan to show it to Dark Eyes and Silver Cloud. As he ran, he sang again the Indian song:

"Beautiful as the sky,
My lucky stone."

The Trading Post

One morning in late summer the family of Snapping Turtle was up before the sun. They were going to the trading post of the white man many miles away.



There they would sell the blankets that Dark Eyes had been making, and Snapping Turtle's rings and bracelets.

Snapping Turtle drove the wagon, just as he did when they went to the Feast of Thanksgiving at Big Mountain.

At his side rode Dark Eyes and Silver Cloud. Dark Eyes had the basket of food and the Indian water jug.

Singing Boy could ride so well that he raced along the trail on Sure-foot, his own little pony. In his pocket was the beautiful silver bracelet.

That same morning Jack, on the ranch, jumped out of his bunk bed to talk to Uncle Mac.

"I have been here almost all summer, and I have not seen one Indian. Don't you have any around here?"

"I declare! I forgot to take you to the trading post," said Uncle Mac, as he ran his hand through his hair and made it stand on end. "We can't let you go home without seeing Indians. I am glad you told me. Hurry and get ready now."





How Jack hoped they could go on horseback! But Uncle Mac said, "No!" So Jack let his pony out of the corral into the pasture. Then he jumped into the car.

"Keep your eyes open," said Uncle Mac, as they left the rolling plains and were coming into Indian country. "You will see Indians most any time now."

Just then an Indian boy on a pony crossed the road in front of them.

“Look at that! Look!” shouted Jack.
“He can ride without even a saddle!”

“A smart fellow!” declared Uncle Mac.

When they came to the trading post, Jack saw that it was just a big store.

Some Indian boys stood around the door. When they saw Jack, one boy started to twirl a rope. Then he threw it over a fence post not far away. Each of the other boys began dancing.

The store inside was full of Indians. No one bought anything. Each Indian was trading the things he had made for the things he wanted from the store.

“What funny names the Indians have,” thought Jack. “Big Horn! Bucking Pony! Shining Star, and Silver Moon!”



Then Jack began to look around him to see what he could get for Mother. A blanket? He couldn't carry a blanket. A water jug? Something better than that!

A ring? Mother would like a ring. Here was just the ring he wanted. Silver leaves, one after the other! All joined to make a beautiful ring!

Jack was just going to take his money out of his pocket, when all at once an Indian boy on a pony came dashing up to the door of the trading post.

"Look, Uncle Mac," Jack shouted, as the Indian boy jumped to his feet. "It is the same boy we saw crossing the road. He can ride without even a saddle."

Of course, it was Singing Boy. In just a minute he took his place with the other Indians, carrying with him a lovely silver bracelet.



“Did you make this bracelet? How could you?” cried Jack, the minute he saw the beautiful silver bracelet.

As Jack came nearer, he saw the picture of splashing rain, the cloud ladder going to the sky, and the sky-blue turquoise. He knew at once that he must have this bracelet for Mother.

“Will you sell it to me? Will you sell it to me for this?” he said, as he took from his pocket a shining silver dollar.

Singing Boy's eyes were big with surprise. A silver dollar! Just like the one he had hoped to win in the pony race at Big Mountain! A silver dollar for his own! This was what his lucky stone was bringing to him. A shining silver dollar!

As he handed the bracelet to Jack, it was hard to tell who was more pleased, Jack with the bracelet or Singing Boy with his silver dollar!



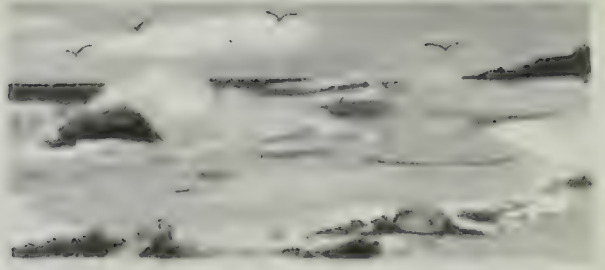
A few days after this, Jack, dressed in his cowboy suit, was on his way home.

He ate on the train. He went to sleep on the train. But most of the time he just sat thinking. Thinking of the days when he rode the range with Red! He could even smell the flapjacks and bacon and the good suppers he had had with the hungry cowboys.

He remembered the cook and his fiddle, and he sang softly to himself the cowboy songs he had enjoyed the most.

He thought of his pony and hoped he would not buck when Jack came back next summer. He thought of the dark-haired Indian boy and the silver bracelet.

And far away to the west in the hogan of Snapping Turtle, Singing Boy's hammer was going tap, tap, tap. He was making another silver bracelet.



ON THE SANDY SHORE



Down by the Sea

Do you know what the sea really is? If you live by the sea, of course you know. But if you have never seen the sea, suppose you look at this picture.

Water, more water than you have ever seen before! That is the sea. Sometimes it is green, sometimes gray, sometimes blue as turquoise.

Day and night the waves come rolling in and splash upon the sandy shore.



In some places great rocks cover the shore. The dashing waves climb to the tops of the rocks. Then back they go into the sea again.

In some places the shore is smooth and sandy. Here boys and girls like to race and play. All summer long they look for sea animals and shells and other treasures that come rolling in on the dancing waves.



Summer by the Sea

Early one summer morning a big gray car stopped in a little fishing

village by the sea. The door opened, and Bobby and Billy and Mother got out.

Bobby and Billy had been out West. They had been to the mountains. They had even been to the North Woods. But they had never been to the seashore.

Their eyes were big with surprise as they stood on the sandy shore. There in front of them was the great blue ocean.

“Come on, Billy! Come on!” called Bobby. Then away he ran right down to the edge of the waves.

But Billy just stood still and looked and looked. He could not believe that there was so much water in all the world.

The sun was shining on the dancing waves. White birds flew by in the sky overhead. And all up and down the shore as far as Billy could see were rocks and sand and splashing waves.

Before long Billy forgot his surprise and raced after Bobby. In just a minute their shoes were off, and the waves were rolling over their feet.

All summer long Bobby and Billy lived in the little fishing village that climbed the hill. All summer long they raced and played on the sandy shore.

Soon everyone in the village knew Bobby and Billy. "They are twins, you see," everyone said. "And never before have there been two boys who asked so many questions."





Captain Lee

The best friend Bobby and Billy had was Captain Lee. He was not as old as their grandfather, but he knew all there was to know about ships.

He lived in the gray house with the red roof that stood on the top of the hill. He could look away out over the ocean from his front door.

Captain Lee was too old now to go to sea. But every day he put on his captain's suit and his captain's cap.

No one called him Mr. Lee. Everyone called him Captain. He liked to be called Captain. Every sea captain in the world feels the very same way.

When Captain Lee had work to do, he liked to take his saws and hammers and move out under the apple tree. Then he could look straight out to sea as he hammered away, tap, tap, tap.

It was lucky for Bobby and Billy when they found him there. He always had something exciting to tell about the days when he was really a sea captain.

Mrs. Lee did not like the sea, but she did like the Captain, and she did like to cook good things for him to eat.

It would be hard to tell you how many things Bobby and Billy learned about the sea from Captain Lee that summer.

Every day they raced up the hill to find him. Then they all started out to see what they could find along the shore. Shells, fish, or queer sea animals!

One afternoon Bobby walked all by himself along the sandy shore.

All at once he looked down. There at his feet was a little hole in the sand. Something was coming out of the hole. If Bobby had not seen it move, he never would have guessed that it was there. It looked so much like the sand. At first he thought it was a spider, but he had never seen a spider as big as that.

By that time the queer-looking animal had pulled himself out of the hole and



was right on the sand in front of him.

The back of the animal was covered with a hard shell, and on each side were four queer-looking legs. In front were two things that looked for all the world like two big pincers.

Bobby put his head down almost to the sand to see better. Then he saw two stalks growing right out of that queer thing's head. On the end of each stalk was an eye. Just as Bobby looked, the stalks and the eyes went right back into its head. Then all at once, out they came again.

Then the queer thing started away. It did not move straight, but sideways.



How fast it did go! Bobby had never seen anything move so fast before.

“Hurry! Hurry! Come here! It is just the color of the sand,” he shouted.

“What is? What is it?” shouted Billy, as he raced up the sandy shore.

But by this time the queer thing had made another hole in the smooth sand and was nowhere to be seen.

“Only an old sand crab,” said Captain Lee when Bobby told him about it.

“There are many kinds of crabs on this shore,” the Captain went on. “Green crabs, blue crabs, spider crabs! Sometimes you can see them down in the still water.

“One day I was just about to step on one. That fellow certainly had pincers, and he knew how to use them, too. Don’t you talk to me about crabs.”





Blue Crabs

Not long after this, a fisherman came along the shore with a basket.

“What have we here?” asked Captain Lee, as he looked down into the basket.

Bobby and Billy looked, too. There were crabs in the basket, but their shells looked soft and sticky.

“Upon my word! Soft-shelled crabs!” said Captain Lee. “And they are blue crabs, at that. I want every one of them for my supper. Trot right up the hill to Mrs. Lee. She can cook soft-shelled crabs better than anyone in the world.”

“Soft-shelled crabs!” cried Billy. “Won’t they ever have hard shells?”

“They might in time,” laughed Captain Lee. “But I am going to eat them.”

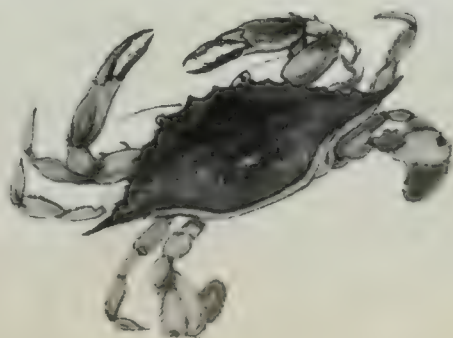
Then he told how crabs outgrow their shells just as boys outgrow their coats.

“When Mr. Crab grows too big for his shell, the shell cracks,” the Captain went on. “Then Mr. Crab pulls himself out legs, pincers, and all. His back is covered with something sticky.

“This is the time when people, sea animals, and fish like best to eat him. So he hides away in a safe place until that sticky something grows hard and makes a new shell.”

Captain Lee did not want to stay long on the shore after he saw that basket of soft-shelled crabs.

“Mrs. Lee knows just how to cook them. No one knows better,” he said, as they climbed the hill. “So you may as well stay for supper to help me eat them.”



Bobby and Billy were sure they wanted to stay for supper. But they were not sure they wanted to eat crabs.

But you know how it is. Sometimes the things you expect to be no good at all turn out to be better than you expected. All I know is that when supper was over, Bobby and Billy told Mrs. Lee that the crabs were certainly better than anything else they had had for supper.





A Question about Clams

One morning everyone in the fishing village asked everyone else a question.

Before she started to bake her cake, Mrs. Plain asked that question of Mrs. White. Then Mrs. White asked Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Lee asked Mrs. Green.

Mr. Wells asked that question of everyone who came into his store. The milkman, as he went from house to house, stopped for an answer at every kitchen door.



The question was always the same. "Are you going to the clambake?" And everyone answered, "Certainly I am."

When I said everyone asked the same question, I forgot about Bobby and Billy. They asked five or six.

"Yes, we are going. But what is it? Is it a party? How do you get there? What are clams? Who is going to—?"

"Enough! Enough!" cried Captain Lee, as he put his hands over his ears. "If you don't know what clams are, it is time you did. We will go and dig some."

Captain Lee went into the house. When he came out, he had a pail and some other things that looked like rakes. Then the questions started all over again.

“What are the pail and rakes for? What are you going to do with them?”

“Now keep still for just five minutes and come along,” said the Captain.

He took them far down the shore to a place where the sand was all full of holes. Something must have made the holes. What could it be?

Billy put his head down to see what was in one hole. At first he could not see anything. All at once some water came straight up out of that hole.

Billy jumped. “Oh, oh!” he shouted. “What in the world was that?”

“A clam,” laughed the Captain, and he began to dig down into the sand with his rake. In just one minute up came a shell. Two shells fastened together!





“Is that a clam? It is alive! Look!” shouted Bobby.

“Alive and ready to be baked for your dinner tomorrow!” said the Captain.

And sure enough, just at that minute the two shells opened. Out came a long neck. Then back the neck went, and the two shells came together again.

For some time after this, Captain Lee went right on working. Of course, he had two boys to help him dig.

In no time at all the pail was full of clams. Captain Lee knew just where to find them, and he never cracked a shell.

As for the twins, they did try hard. But they cracked almost every shell they came to, and a clam with its shell cracked is no good at all.

When the pail was full, they went up the hill to the gate and left the pail on the post for Mrs. Lee.

"I may as well wash these clams and get out the sand," she said. "Then they will be ready for the clambake tomorrow."



The Clambake

You know, I told you that Bobby and Billy raced up the hill every day to find the Captain. But the next morning it was the other way around. The Captain rode down the hill to find them.

“Hurry up!” he called. “Can’t you move fast on the morning of a clambake?”

Bobby and Billy raced out of the house. There were the Captain and another man on the seat of an old wagon. The wagon was full of pieces of wood.

“Not a question out of you!” said the Captain. “It is too hot for questions. Every piece of this wood is for the fire to bake the clams. Hop up here in a hurry.”

Billy did his best to keep still. But at last he just had to say something.

“Why do you want so much wood? Are you going to bake all the clams on the shore?” he asked, turning to Captain Lee.



“No, not all,” laughed the Captain. “But we are going to bake these.”

Then he took out from under the seat the pail of clams they had helped to dig.

“I am not trading these clams for all the clams on the shore,” he said.

Soon they came to a place on the shore where there were many flat rocks. Here the man stopped the wagon, and they all helped to carry out the wood.

The man knew just how to make the fire. He put some pieces of wood one way and some the other. Right down among the pieces of wood he put rocks, each rock in its right place.



Then the man started the fire, and what a fire it was! Bobby and Billy had never seen a fire like this before.

“It takes a hot fire to bake clams for everyone in a fishing village,” said the man, as he put on more and more wood.

When at last the fire was just right and the rocks were very hot, he covered every rock with wet seaweed. Now the most exciting thing of all happened.



Right on top of the wet seaweed Captain Lee and the man put potatoes. And then corn! Ears and ears and ears of corn! And after that clams! Clams and clams and more clams!

Last of all, the man covered the potatoes, the corn, and the clams with more wet seaweed. The seaweed grew hot from the rocks and steamed and steamed. How good everything smelled!

Then, a few at a time, the people began to come from the fishing village. What a shore picnic that was! Everyone sat on blankets on the sand and ate and ate.

When dinner was over, the boys and girls threw stones far out into the water and looked for shells along the shore.

Bobby and Billy found some little shells. Mother showed them how to make a hole in each one. Then they fastened them in a ring to make a bracelet.

Everyone stayed on the shore until the full moon came up over the ocean. The sound of the waves splashing on the shore made everyone sleepy. The more everyone listened, the more sleepy he grew.

At last Bobby and Billy and Mother started for home. You may know how sleepy the twins were, for all the way home they never asked a question, not one.

THE JOKE
on MRS. LEE



Big Words

Do you like to use big words? Sometimes you don't quite know what the words mean. But they sound well, and you like to say them over and over.

The word Bobby and Billy liked to say was "discovery."

One day Mother told Mrs. Lee about someone who made a queer discovery. The twins wanted to know what a discovery was. It sounded so big and exciting.

"Oh," said Mother. "When someone finds something he did not expect to find—well, that is a discovery."

All day long Bobby and Billy said over and over again, "Discovery! Discovery!"

The next morning Billy said to Bobby, "We can make some kind of discovery. We can find SOMETHING we did not expect to find. Hurry up, Bobby. Come on!"



So they started out along the shore.
No one was around. Only the birds flew
over the water, looking for fish to eat.

Bobby and Billy had no time now to play in the waves.

They had no time to look for queer old sand crabs with their big pincers. These crabs still looked like big spiders to Bobby.

There was no time to dig for clams with the rakes Captain Lee had made for them. No time to pull the wet seaweed and look for shells! Certainly not! They were going to make a discovery.

They walked along by the ocean until they came to the flat rocks that had been used for the clambake. They found a sticky soft-shelled crab among the rocks. But that was not a real discovery. They had seen soft-shelled crabs before.

So back they came again. Then straight up the hill they went to talk things over with Captain Lee.

Captain Sandy



The Captain was under the apple tree.

Mrs. Lee came out with a pail in her

hand and started to talk to him.

“What do you think he will bring me this time?” she asked. “It is sure to be something lovely. I will bake some potatoes for dinner just the way he likes them. I must have steamed clams, or else he won’t think it is a shore dinner.”

“Well, there is nothing too good for him,” said the Captain. “Not for him!”

Just then he looked up, and there at the edge of the walk were Bobby and Billy.

“Just in time for the news,” he said. “My old ship, the ‘Betsy Lee,’ is home from South America, and the new sea captain will be here for dinner.”



What exciting news for Bobby and Billy! A real sea captain coming for dinner! They sat under the apple tree with Mrs. Lee and the Captain and talked and talked.

Time went on. Mrs. Lee went into the house to look after the dinner. This was not an everyday dinner, you know.

Even then Bobby and Billy did not go home. How could they go when a real sea captain would soon be here?

Then up the street came Captain Sandy in his white suit and his captain's cap.

He had red whiskers, and his hair was the same color. His legs were very long, and he looked very jolly. In his hand he had a big cage with something in it.

“Hello! Hello!” shouted Captain Lee.

“By my sea whiskers, it is good to see you,” called Captain Sandy. “It is a hot day on shore, and I am very hungry.”

“What in the world have you there?” asked Captain Lee, when he saw the cage.





“There is something alive in it! A monkey!” shouted Bobby and Billy.

“What do you think of him?” asked Captain Sandy. “I brought him safe and sound all the way from South America.”

“What are you going to do with him now?” asked Captain Lee.

“Give him to Mrs. Lee!” chuckled Captain Sandy. “Give him to Mrs. Lee!”

Bobby and Billy and Captain Lee just shouted. A monkey from South America! What would Mrs. Lee say about that? And there she was right in the doorway!

“I have a friend from South America with me,” called Captain Sandy, when he saw her. “Have you dinner for two?”

“My stars! A monkey! Who ever heard of such a thing?” said Mrs. Lee.



“Oh, come now,” chuckled Captain Sandy. “This is no joke. He is a fine monkey. I brought him all the way from South America just for you.”

He laughed until he shook all over.

“You can take him right back where he came from. What in the world would I do with a monkey?” said Mrs. Lee. “This is no joke. Leave your monkey behind you and come in to dinner.”

The two captains went into the house. The monkey sat in his cage on the step.

Then Bobby and Billy ran home to their own dinner. Of course, they told Mother about Captain Sandy and the monkey.

“We never expected to see a real sea captain with a monkey,” said Billy. “We made a discovery, a real discovery.”

When they went out to play again, Mother said, "Now don't go to Captain Lee's house any more today. You will just be in the way. Now don't forget!"

"Maybe we can look through the holes in the old stone fence," said Bobby.

"Yes," said Mother. "But don't go in."

Bobby and Billy stood where the sunflower stalks grew up to cover the fence. They could look through the cracks, but no one inside could see them.

The monkey was still on the step.





Two Jokes in One

At last the side door opened. Mrs. Lee and the captains came out and sat under the apple tree and laughed and talked.

Then, when the afternoon was almost over, Captain Sandy got up in a hurry.

“By my sea whiskers, I must be going,” he said. “It is time for me to be back on my ship. It is so nice out here, I don’t want to move. But move I must.”

“Don’t forget to come again whenever you come to town,” said Captain Lee.

“And don’t forget to take your friend, the monkey, with you,” said Mrs. Lee.

“Now, now,” said Captain Sandy. “You can’t mean a word you are saying.”

“I mean every word of it,” said Mrs. Lee. “What would I do with a monkey?”

The end of it all was that Captain Sandy said good-by and walked down the road with the cage in his hand. Of course, you know who walked with him.

Bobby and Billy looked at the monkey. Oh, how they wished that Mrs. Lee had wanted to keep him!

“Maybe she will get this monkey after all,” said Captain Sandy, and his eyes were dancing with fun. “Maybe she will!”

For a time they walked along the shore. Then they turned and walked back.



By and by Captain Sandy started up the hill again. Bobby and Billy followed him, but they were so surprised they never asked a question, not one.

When Captain Sandy came to Mrs. Lee's gate, he stopped and listened.

"I thought they would wash the dishes," he said in a soft voice. "Now is my time."

Then into the garden he went, and what do you think he did? He fastened the cage to a branch of the apple tree.

"Don't you tell!" he said to Bobby and Billy, as he walked away. "Don't you tell!"

Before long Mrs. Lee and the Captain came out of the door together.

"Really, my dear, I am proud of you," chuckled the Captain. "You played a great joke on Captain Sandy that time."

"Of course I did," laughed Mrs. Lee. "He thought bringing me a monkey was a great joke. Now the joke is on him."

"Maybe so!" chuckled the Captain. "Maybe so! But look, my dear, look!"

Mrs. Lee looked. There in his cage on the apple tree was the monkey.

"Well, of all things!" said Mrs. Lee. "Out of one thing, into something else! The minute my back is turned, that man thinks he can have his own way. This monkey is going right straight back to him. I will take him back right now."

"Wait until tomorrow," said the Captain. "It is too late to send him back today. The monkey can't help what Captain Sandy did. Look at him! How hungry and lonesome he looks!"

Now Mrs. Lee could not stand to see any animal hungry, not even a monkey.



She went into the house and came out with a big banana in each hand.

By this time Bobby and Billy were over the fence. Captain Sandy was gone. So it was all right to go in now.

“Someone around here has been up to mischief. Was it you?” asked Mrs. Lee, as she gave the monkey a piece of banana.

Bobby and Billy did not say a word.

“You know more than you are telling,” she went on, with a twinkle in her eye.

The monkey ate the piece of banana, and for the first time that day he looked happy. Mrs. Lee liked him a little better. She gave him the rest of the banana, and she liked him even more.

When she saw how delighted Bobby and Billy were, she knew she could not send the monkey away. She could not do that.

“Well,” she said, as she opened the door of the cage. “I will keep you, after all, Little Monkey. I will keep you, after all, and name you Sandy. Wait until the Captain hears about that. That will be the best joke of all.”



A SUMMER
in the SOUTH



Away Down South

Have you ever been away down South where winter days are warm and beautiful and the sun is shining most of the time?

Gray-green moss trails down from the trees, and many of the houses are old, with big white pillars.

Even in wintertime gay-colored flowers climb the fences and look through the cracks. You can see them everywhere.



If you live in the South, of course you know how hot the long summer days can be.

Out in the country the corn grows, and the cotton turns white. The brown mules work when they will, and the farm hands sing in the cotton fields.

In the towns the long afternoons are very still. The houses, the trees, the people—everything waits for the long, hot afternoons to be over.



Something Special

One summer day Paddy and Father left their home in Friendly Village to go away down South to see Grandmother.

Paddy was going to stay all summer. He did not care how hot the days were. He liked the South, and he liked the people. Most of all, he liked Grandmother, who lived in a house with big white pillars.

“Remember, Paddy,” Father had said, as he got on the train to go back home.

“Remember the discovery I made when I was a boy. Watch for the twinkle in Grandmother’s eye. As long as you see that twinkle, everything is all right.”

“Andrew Winters! How you talk!” Grandmother had called back. “Don’t believe a word of it, Paddy. Not a word!”

Now it was the next morning, and Paddy had just jumped out of bed. Grandmother was



opening his big bag to put things inside away for the summer.

“It is good to see you,” Grandmother was saying. “It is such a long time from one summer to another. What fine new overalls you brought with you! Just the things for playing! Try to keep truck out of these pockets, Paddy. Pockets are for important things. Remember that! Then Charlie May won’t have to mend her eyes blind the way she did last summer.”

Charlie May was Grandmother’s cook, and Paddy liked her almost as well as he liked Grandmother. But he was not thinking about Charlie May now.

Truck! Important things! What did Grandmother mean by that? She must know that everything in a boy's pockets is important. If she did not even know that—! Well, Paddy had better do something and do it in a hurry.

He came dashing over to the open bag. He put his hand down at one side and took out a big white box.

“I will put this away,” he said. “You don’t want to see this box, Grandmother. Not this box!”

“I don’t? Why not?” asked Grandmother.

“Because! Just because!” answered Paddy, and his face turned very red. “Mother said I could bring it. Really, she did!”

Grandmother’s face was one big question.

“There are special things in here. Special, just for me!” Paddy went on.



“Look at me, Paddy,” said Grandmother. “There isn’t something alive in there? A worm maybe, or a frog or a tadpole?”

“Honest there isn’t! Honest!” cried Paddy. “There are just important things.”

“Very well,” said Grandmother, as she went out the door. “Hurry into your overalls and come down to breakfast.”



When Paddy was all dressed, he looked at the box. After all, a fellow has to have something in his pockets. One thing in each! That was the way to do it. Then nothing would show.

In another minute there was a tenpenny nail in one back pocket, a piece of candle in the other. In one front pocket was a picture of Mother, brown around the edges, but still good. In the other, was a little old bell.

Then down the steps flew Paddy. There was Grandmother waiting for him at the foot of the steps. She took one look at Paddy and two looks at his pockets.

“PADDY!” was all she said, but there was a twinkle in her eye. So Paddy gave a great big grin and ran in to breakfast.

Old Friends



When you have been away for a year and a day, the first thing you want to do is to see your old friends. The minute breakfast was over, Paddy started out.

As he opened the front gate, he heard a shout, "Oh-h! Oh-h! Help! Help!"

Someone was hurt. Who could it be? Paddy could see no one. He ran to the woods on the other side of the road. All he could hear was the tweet of a bird.

All at once a cat began to mew in a tree overhead. He looked up, but what he saw was not a cat. It was two long legs and a face covered with an old cap.

"Andy Long! You can't fool me!" he shouted. In another minute a boy climbed down and looked at him with a big grin.



“I heard last night that you were here,” said Andy. “I have been up in that tree, waiting, until I almost turned green.”

“What can we do now?” asked Paddy.

“Nothing until I find our old cat,” said Andy. “She almost ate up Miss Pauline’s bird. It was in a cage, too. Mother told me I had to bring that cat home before I did another thing. The cat ran up a tree, but I can’t find the tree.”



The boys started down the long road, looking up into every tree along the way. It is not easy to find a gray cat in a tree all covered with gray-green moss.

When they came to Andy's house, there was that old cat asleep in the sun.

"Think you are smart, don't you?" said Paddy. "Believe me, I know what to do about you. Just see what I have."

And he took out the little old bell.



“Put this around her neck,” said Paddy. “Then the birds will know where that old cat is, and we will, too.”

“That is just an old trick,” said Andy. “People have been doing that forever.”

“What if they have? It works!” cried Paddy. “Anyway, we can try it.”

They fastened the bell on a ribbon around the cat’s neck so that it would never come off. Then they put the cat into the house for safekeeping.

Of course, Miss Pauline had to hear the good news. So off they started.

“I say, Andy,” said Paddy, as they went up the walk. “Why do girls down South have boys’ names? Charlie May, Miss Billy, Martha Joe, and names like that?”

“How do I know?” said Andy.

“It is funny,” said Paddy. “Even my own mother’s name is Jerry Lee.”



By this time they were at the kitchen door. The air was full of the good smell of bread. Over at the table Miss Pauline was making a cake. Her face was one big smile as she called,

“Paddy! This is a real surprise! You look so much like your mother! I thought for a minute it was Jerry Lee. Sit right down and tell me all about her.”

“Do you know, boys,” said Miss Pauline, when Paddy was through, “I remember when Jerry Lee was a girl. Every time I made a cake, she walked in at the door with her doll or her toys. It was never a good cake if she was not here to lick the pan. My, how I wish I could see her!”



“You can’t see HER, but you can see her picture,” said Paddy. “You can keep it, too. It is not very good, but—.”

“I don’t care,” said Miss Pauline. “I want it anyway.”

So Paddy gave her the picture. My, how she liked it! She put it up by the clock where she could see it while she worked.

Then Paddy and Andy, not Jerry Lee, licked the cake pan. Miss Pauline gave them each a banana, and off they went. Not one word did they say about the cat!

It was a lazy day, too hot for even the boys to walk fast. Before long they saw Uncle Dan down on his knees, trying to look through a hole under his front steps.

He was no one's uncle that Paddy or Andy knew anything about. People just called him uncle. It is a nice way people have of doing things away down South. Uncle Dan's head was down so far that his whiskers almost trailed on the grass.



“How are you on a pretty morning?” he asked when he saw them. “I let my dog keep just one puppy, and that was one puppy too many. What has that puppy done now? Run away with my shoe! I saw the end of his tail as he ran out of this hole. I can’t see in the dark, and I can’t get into this hole to find it.”

“This will help. Light this!” cried Paddy, as he took out the candle.

In a minute the candle was lighted. There, just where he could put in his hand and catch hold of it, was Uncle Dan’s old shoe. What in the world would he have done without that candle?

“Now, if I had a few nails, I might mend this hole,” said Uncle Dan.

“Well, here is one to get started on,” said Paddy, and he took out the last important thing from his last pocket.

Paddy and Andy stayed with Uncle Dan for the rest of the morning.

When Paddy came home to dinner, he had a grin all over his face. Then do you know what he did? He turned every pocket inside out and ran to find Grandmother.

Of course, she saw the joke. Her eye twinkled as she turned to put some dishes on the table. But all she said as she shook her head was,

“I’m proud of you, Paddy. I was just about to send Charlie May down to the village to buy some overalls without pockets. Now I can keep my money.”

All the while Paddy was eating, he did his best to make Grandmother understand.

“Don’t you see? Everything in my pockets was important. It always is.”

“Maybe,” said Grandmother. “But some important things look like truck to me.”



The Lucky Turtle

Now it was evening. Evening where Grandmother lived began at twelve o'clock and lasted until sundown.

My, but it was hot! Too hot even to move! Almost everyone gave up trying to do anything and took a good long nap.

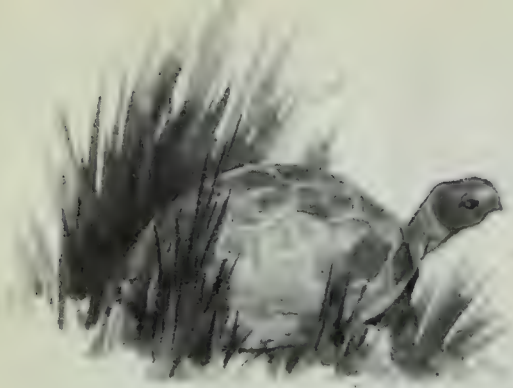
But naps and Paddy did not go together. So Grandmother said he might stay under the trees by the pool if he were very still. Of course Andy was with him.



At first the boys were very lazy. They stayed flat on their backs and looked up at the sky through the trees. It was so still and so hot that they almost went to sleep, too. By and by, an old turtle came slowly out of the pool.

“Look at him come! Look!” cried Andy. “Follow him long enough and look all around in the place where he stops, and you will find something lucky.”

“Oh, who said so?” asked Paddy.



“Everyone down South knows that much,” cried Andy.

He ran around to the pool side. That turtle might crawl back into the water. Then he started in.

“Get-a-going! Move along there! You will never get to South America this way.”

“South America! Just look at that old turtle! If he gets to South America, you will have to ship him there. He can’t go fast if he wants to,” said Paddy.

He leaned over to help the turtle along, but Andy shouted, “Keep your hands off! No fair! You have to be right good to a turtle, or he won’t crawl at all.”

I’m sure the turtle wanted to crawl back into the pool. But how could he? So he started for the next best place, and that was some leaves under a tree.

Minutes went by. The boys watched and never said a word. When the turtle was under the leaves, he stopped and pulled his head in.

“Now look all around!” cried Andy.

The two boys leaned over and looked and looked, but all they found was an old rusty fish hook.

“Anyway, it is lucky! The turtle found it. Put it in your pocket,” said Andy.

So Paddy did.

All their looking had started the turtle on his way again. Now he crawled out into a big patch of sunlight.

“Oh, boy! Look! Look!” cried Paddy.

There, where the turtle stopped, something was shining. A key! A big old key!

“Nothing but an old door key! What do you suppose this will open?” asked Paddy.

“Keep it! You saw it first,” said Andy.



Would you like to know how many lucky things the turtle found for the boys that evening? Well, by the time they went home, their pockets were too full to hold any more. Paddy gave all the things that were alive to Andy.

“Grandmother can’t stand things that are alive. I can’t see why,” he said.

At home, Paddy was very quiet as he ran to find his box. Just as he spread out all his treasures, in walked Grandmother.

“Now really, Paddy, really!” she said. Just then her eye lighted on the key.

“Where in the world did you find my house key? Charlie May and I have been looking for it for weeks and weeks.”

“The turtle found it,” cried Paddy, and then he had to tell all the news. Among other things, he told about the hook.

“This is a lucky hook,” he said. “Just wait and see! Uncle Dan and Andy and I are going fishing just to prove it.”



Maybe you can guess how things turned out. When Paddy came home, he had a fish.

“See what my turtle hook did for me!” he shouted. “This proves it was lucky.”

Paddy smiled all over, and Grandmother smiled, too. But right in the middle of her smile, she saw something. Something crawling out of Paddy’s front pocket!

“PADDY WINTERS!” she cried. “Have you something alive in that pocket?”

Paddy turned red, looked at the floor, and slowly said, “I’m sorry, but—. It is only a baby turtle, and it is very important. Andy and I are going to have a turtle race tomorrow morning.”

It was a good many minutes before Paddy looked up, and when he did, there was not a twinkle in Grandmother’s eye. There were two twinkles in two eyes. So everything turned out all right for Paddy.

COBBLER JIM





The Old Cobbler Shop

It was morning in Friendly Village. A morning in the late summertime!

Down on the street that ran along the river, the door of a little brown cobbler shop opened, and a voice called,

“Here, Joe! Where are you, Old Man? Come here, you rascal, come here!”

Then down the street came an old black cat, running as fast as a cat can run.



Out of the door of the cobbler shop came Cobbler Jim. He was almost as old and brown as the shoes he mended.

“You rascal!” he said. “You old rascal!”

But the black cat must have been the kind of rascal the old cobbler liked. He leaned over, picked him up, and put him on his shoulder, saying,

“Here we are again! The old man and his cat! How are you, Old Fellow?”



“Summer is about over,” the cobbler went on, as he looked about him.

“And I have never had such a lonesome one. There is a lazy feeling in the air this morning, Joe, and nothing special to be done. But little as there is, I had better be about it.”

Cobbler Jim walked into the shop with his pet on his shoulder. All at once, the cat jumped down and began to lick his smooth, black coat. Before long, he was asleep at Cobbler Jim’s feet.

Cobbler Jim turned to look at a bundle of old shoes. He chuckled softly and said,

“Once you were shining,
With no holes in your soles.
But where you have been to,
No one knows.”

The clock ticked. The minutes flew by. Tap, tap, tap went Cobbler Jim's hammer.

"Mended at last! Away with you!" he said, as one shoe was done and he looked around for some more nails.

Just then the bell over the shop door began to ring and ring. There in the door were the twins, Bobby and Billy, each with two old shoes in his hand.

"Well, I declare!" said Cobbler Jim, looking up from his work. "There will be mischief going on in this town now. When did you two get back home?"

"Oh, last week," said Billy. "Our shoes are full of holes. Mother wants you to mend them while we wait." Just at that minute some sand fell through the hole in one sole onto Cobbler Jim's bench.



“Not hard to tell where you two have been for the summer,” chuckled Mr. Jim. “To the seashore; I declare!”

Ting-a-ling! The bell over the shop door began to ring again. There in the doorway, with some old shoes in his hand, stood a cowboy. No, it was not a cowboy, after all. It was only Jack dressed in his cowboy suit.

“So you are back again,” said Mr. Jim. “Did that donkey, Mr. Bones, miss you while you were gone? Did he remember to say hee-haw when you got back?”

“Of course he did,” said Jack with a big grin. “I just got home last night.”

“Crawl up on the bench and cross your knees,” said Bobby. So Jack did.

For the next few minutes the shop was full of talk about cowboys and Indians, crabs and clams, captains and monkeys.



The sun was shining through the open door of the shop. It fell on the workbench where Cobbler Jim was at work.

All at once, the sun was not shining on the bench because something big was in the door, keeping out the light.

It was Mr. Carl with a bag in his hand. He was standing on the step outside, looking up at the sign over the door.

There was a big smile on his face as he walked slowly into the shop.

“Shoes mended while you wait! You won’t fool an old man like me, will you? Is that sign right? Are you ready to prove it?” he asked, as he took four old shoes from the bag and put them on the bench.

“Yes, if you can wait long enough,” chuckled the cobbler. “How are you, anyway? When did you get home from the mountains?”

“Last Sunday,” said Mr. Carl. Then he started right in to tell about Riddling Dan and his fiddle.

Tap, tap, tap went Mr. Jim’s hammer. He gave up trying to say a word. He just listened and went on about his work.

“Oh, Mr. Jim! Can you mend my shoes by twelve o’clock?” someone called.



There on each side of the doorway were Alice and Jerry. In the middle, with two old shoes in his hand, stood Paddy.

“I declare! Must all the shoes in this town be mended in one morning?” asked Mr. Jim. “Where have you been, anyway? Down South? Tell me about it.”

Of course, Paddy had to tell about Grandmother’s house with the big white pillars. He told about the cotton fields and the moss that waved from the trees.

“It is always warm down South,” said Paddy. “Even in winter! It never snows. You can’t use a sled down there.”

Then he had to tell about the trick he played on the old gray cat.



Everyone laughed when Paddy told about the fish hook and the key and the lucky turtle.

“By the time I left, Grandmother knew that pockets are important,” said Paddy, with a big grin. “Honest she did! I always watched for the twinkle in her eye. My father told me about that. If you see that twinkle, everything is all right. But if you don’t—WATCH OUT!”

When Paddy was through talking, he wanted to know what everyone else had been doing all summer. So the talk started all over again. Old Joe ran out of the door to find a quiet place to sleep.



Alice and Jerry told about the time they looked for treasure, about the goat, and about the day when Dolly joined the circus. And do you know? Everyone thought Alice and Jerry had had the best time, even if they had stayed at home.

"I'm not sorry they did," said Mr. Jim. "Their shoes are mended. That is a lucky thing for me on a day like this."

The clock ticked, the talk went on, and soon it was twelve o'clock.

Maybe Mr. Carl remembered the flapjacks and bacon Jack had told about. Anyway, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I am hungry enough to eat one of these old shoes. It is time I was at home cooking some flapjacks and bacon of my own."

Then everyone else was hungry, too. The twins' shoes were mended, but the others were spread all over the bench.

“The rest of you will have to come back along about evening,” said Mr. Jim. “No shoe mender could mend all these shoes in one morning. It isn’t easy to work fast with all this talk going on.”

Everyone laughed and started to follow Mr. Carl from the shop. Cobbler Jim got up from his bench and stood for a minute in the doorway. Then he called,

“Here, Joe! Where are you, Old Man? Come here, you rascal, come here.”

Then down the street came an old black cat, running as fast as a cat can run. Cobbler Jim leaned over, picked him up, and put him on his shoulder, saying,

“Did I say there was a lazy feeling in the air and not much work to be done, Joe? What was I talking about, Old Fellow? Come with me to buy some milk. You and I want some dinner, too.”

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Word List

The following list includes 396 words in this *Basic Second Reader* that were not taught in the *Basic Preprimer*, *Primer*, and *First Reader*.

A word ending with the suffixes *d*, *ed*, or *ing* is not considered new in this book after the basic form of the word has been taught. All derived forms are counted as new until the basic form has been introduced. A compound word, whether hyphenated or not, is not considered new if both parts of the word have been taught. Two sound words are not included.

Presentation Unit		Absorption Unit	
17	ladder	30	shoe
	shingles		shop
5	Friendly	31	course
	Village		would
6	live	32	circus
	beautiful		picture
7	through	33	spending
	side		forget
8	people	34	feel
	even		better
9	clean	35	blacksmith
	Mrs.		hold
10	keep	36	music
	front		an
11	climb	37	trot
	don't		running
12	stroller	38	nearer
	silly		faster
13	knew	39	clowns
	branch		been
14	under	40	stop
	wheels		tents
15	eye	41	pull
	never		o'clock
16	roof	42	tickets
	garage		afternoon
18	shout	43	almost
	hands		four
19	treasure	44	joins
	dig		take
20	heard		
	shovel		
21	nothing		
	worms		
22	happen		
	more		
23	Street		
	dime		
24	than		
	Dolly		
25	ready		
	dear		
26	way		
	milk		
27	care		
	quite		
28	horse		
	gray		
29	blind		
	ears		

58		86	hard	111	enjoy	137	cook
59			hope		floor		song
60		87	guess	112	dancing	138	bunks
61	remem- bered		can't	113	won't		dressed
	mischief	88	poor		fiddler	139	threw
62	still		twinkle	114			clouds
63		89	might	115	fiddling	140	pasture
64	crowd		mouth		bee		range
	jolly	90	neighbors	116	prize	141	making
65	let		Andy	117	full		forgot
	grass	91	Uncle	118		142	hungry
66	end		Aunt	119			alike
67		92	patch	120	own	143	rope
68			mule				saddle
69		93	foot	Presentation		144	flapjacks
70			their	Unit			bacon
71		94	friend	121	Plains	145	snapping
72			fair	122	rolling		twirl
		95	ever		country	146	couldn't
			same	123	cattle		tied
Presentation		96	think		grazing	147	trouble
Unit			sure	124	stand		horns
73	mountains	97	found		hair	148	use
74	pine		any	125	West		several
	wind	98	try		seen	149	Indian
75	cabins		great	126	wait		family
	trails	99	made		few	150	blankets
76	Dan		voice	127	stood		sheep
	Granny	100	turnip		watch	151	hogan
77	lonesome		bring	128	most		bought
	riddle	101	rusty		mile	152	Feast
78	answer		last	129	ranch		Thanks-
	Riddling	102	smart		fellow		giving
79	told		chuckled	130	began	153	food
	behind	103	you're		place		jug
80	feathers		hurry	131	declare	154	drove
	deep	104	rode		dark		races
81	peddler		along	132	suit	155	
	fire				silver	156	win
82	pan	Absorption		133	fence		dollar
	pack	Unit			corral	157	first
83	howdy	105	fiddle	134	feet	158	stars
	rest	106			dashing		whispered
84	iron	107	nice	135	buck	159	softly
	pot	108	air		tired		rocks
85	corn	109	Charlie	136	smell	160	glad
	bread	110	learn		supper		late

Absorption Unit		185	pincers stalks	207	whiskers cage	230	clock while
161	lucky stone	186	color crab	208	brought such	231	lazy knees
162	turquoise neck	187	kinds certainly	209	fine shook	232	done light
163	moon only	188	soft sticky	210		233	I'm buy
164	trading post	189	cracks safe	211		234	evening twelve
165	bracelet ring	190	expect else	212		235	slowly follow
166	tap hammer	191	clams bake	213	dishes proud	236	crawl leaned
167	smooth	192	pail rakes	214	send	237	hook key
168		193	fastened together	215	banana	238	quiet spread
169		194	alive dinner	216		239	weeks prove
170		195	wash these	Presentation Unit		240	middle sorry
171	left	196	pieces hot	217		Absorption Unit	
172	each	197	flat among	218	moss pillars	241	Cobbler Jim
173		198	wet seaweed	219	cotton fields	242	rascal black
174		199	potatoes steamed	220	special remember	243	picked shoulder
175		200	sound listened	221	bag important	244	soles
176		Absorption Unit		222	because face	245	ticked bench
Presentation Unit		201	joke	223	isn't honest	246	donkey hee-haw
177	sandy shore	202	mean discovery	224	nail grin	247	
178	sea waves	203		225	cat fool	248	sign
179	cover shells	204	real	226	our Miss	249	
180	ocean edge	205	America	227	easy asleep	250	
181	sand questions	206		228	trick Joe	251	
182	Captain ships			229	smile lick	252	
183	move straight					253	
184	queer spider						

